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THE NEW ESTATE.



THE *S.F. 1832.*

NEW ESTATE;

OR,

THE YOUNG TRAVELLERS

IN

Wales and Ireland.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PORTUGAL," &c.

LONDON:

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P R E F A C E.

THE favourable reception which “**The Young Travellers in Portugal,**” have met with from the public, has induced me to offer to its indulgent acceptance another **Tour**, made by the same party. The recurrence of the same names and persons will, it is hoped, give additional interest to the following details; and the young readers meet again, with pleasure, their former favourites, through whose eyes, according to Cowper, they have already travelled to a distant

country, and with whom they are again about to explore some of the most interesting parts of the united kingdom.

“ He travels and expatiates—as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land ;
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contribution to the store he gleans :
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.”

Task, Book iv.

I have now only to mention, that in speaking of the popular superstitions of Ireland, I have availed myself of a small work called “ Fairy Legends,” which has excited universal interest, and given general pleasure. To the

same volume I am greatly indebted for some remarks on the similarity of superstition in every country, concerning supernatural beings. For the rest of the work, my own observation is responsible.

THE
NEW ESTATE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. GREY had been in England about a year and a half, when he received intelligence that obliged him to take a journey to Ireland. An estate had unexpectedly fallen to him; and though his first idea was, that there existed no immediate necessity for taking possession in person, yet he afterwards found that it would be wiser to use no delay in claiming his right to the property, and a visit to Ireland was finally resolved upon. Every thing seemed to smile upon their wishes: Mordaunt arrived from Eton in time to accompany them; and it was not till they were fairly on the road to Bristol that Bertha had leisure to make any minute enquiries

as to the addition of property that her father had just had. An observation of her mother's at length excited her curiosity, and she became eager to learn the source whence the new riches were derived.

"Situated as I am, Bertha," replied Mr. Grey, "I can say, very sincerely, that I regret the good fortune that has befallen me; for I have only come into this property by the successive deaths of three children, who were the only hope of a widowed mother. Mrs. O'Toole, your god-mother, though you do not recollect her, is now childless."

"What!" said Bertha, touched with sudden sympathy, "are they all gone—Kavanagh, Charles, and Florence?"

"All," replied her mother, with a sigh: "Mrs. O'Toole is now alone."

"Papa," said Bertha, after a pause, "could you not give her some of the estate? Perhaps she would like to live there, and think of her children. Must you send her away?"

"My dear little girl, Mrs. O'Toole would take nothing that I could offer her. She is

amply provided for; and in that case money, you know, would do but little for sorrow such as hers. She has lost the only ties that could make Ireland dear, and is now anxious to return to England. I have hastened my journey that I might detain her as brief a time as possible, under circumstances so painful."

Bertha's melancholy thoughts were diverted by Sophia, who, touching her arm, pointed out the city of Bristol, which they were fast approaching. The thick smoke in which it was enveloped seemed to hang heavily on the pure atmosphere of a July day; and as they passed rapidly through it to Clifton, all rejoiced that it was not to be their destination for the night. Mordaunt, from the coach-box, turned round to point out to Bertha the beauty of the Hot Wells, which he saw long before she did. Eagerly did she look from the window at the Avon, and listened, half terrified, half pleased, at the verberating noise occasioned by some portion of the rock being blown up with gunpowder. A boat appeared in the distance, slowly making its way: its tawny sails glittered for a moment in the sun-

beams, and Bertha's admiration was loud as well as deep. But the carriage continued its rapid progress; and Sophia, smiling at her disappointment, said,

But pleasures are like poppies shed,
You catch the flower, the bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then lost for ever.

“ I will promise,” said Mrs Grey, as they arrived at the hotel, “ that Bertha's pleasure shall be less evanescent, as far, at least, as regards Clifton ; for as soon as we have ordered dinner, and bespoken beds, we will set forward, and explore the romantic scenery that has so enchanted her.”

Before, however, even these brief arrangements were made, a boy, with a basket-full of spar and brilliant rock-crystals, had drawn Mor-daunt and Bertha from the inn-door ; and when the rest of the party joined her, she was found in the act of buying the whole contents of the basket, which appeared to her of immense value. She intended them as a present for her sister, and was hurrying on the purchase, lest she should arrive

before it was concluded. All her precautions were vain. The little Jew with whom she was dealing, startled even her inexperience, by the price he required for a piece of purple spar which he was endeavouring to pass for an immense amethyst. Bertha paused, and the rest of the party came up to her rescue. In smiling silence she pointed to her treasures.

“And what are you going to give for all these riches?” said her mother, as she laid a gentle but restraining finger upon the open hand of the eager Bertha, now filled with silver.

“Ten shillings,” she replied.

Mr. Grey looked at the little merchant, whose downcast countenance betrayed his fears. “We have spoiled your bargain, my friend,” he said, with a smile: “I do not think you have asked above eight shillings too much.”

The boy stammered, and hung his head; and, after a moment's hesitation, Bertha was persuaded to suffer Sophia to select two of the best specimens, and to forego the other temptations that the basket offered. “I assure you,” her sister said, “these are very inferior pieces to

what may be procured, or even what you may pick up yourself; and your young rogue will feel himself well paid with a shilling."

Before Bertha had time to express all her indignation, they reached the pump-room of the Hot Wells, and went in to taste the water. They found it warm, but not disagreeable, being devoid of any peculiar flavour.

Before they quitted the room, Mr. Grey remarked, that when the earthquake in Lisbon took place, in 1755, this water suddenly turned of a deep red colour. "Nor is this," he continued, "unusual: wells have been known to be similarly affected by convulsions of nature that have happened at the distance of several thousand miles."

Bertha, over whose attention the sound of an earthquake had always a powerful influence, was about to ask some further questions, when Mrs. Grey drew her gently back. She followed the direction of her mother's eyes, and saw some men in the rock above them about to light a blast. The next moment the explosion took place, and the scattered pieces of rock fell at their feet.

“ I wish they would do it again,” said Sophia : “ that smoke, dimming the upper part of the rock and mingling with the sky, had a beautiful effect. And look, Bertha ! there is another boat coming up the river on purpose to please you. Are you not satisfied now ? Is not that beautiful ? ”

But even the long-looked for vessel was lost upon Bertha. Mordaunt, tired of what he called their dawdling, had jumped on a projecting piece of rock, and was now rapidly making his way to the narrow ledge where the men stood who had lighted the blast.

“ He is perfectly safe,” said Mr. Grey, calmly. “ In a lower class of life, boys of his age perform much more dangerous feats, even in bird-nesting. Check these fears, Bertha. Look ! his footing is as firm as ours.”

Bertha struggled to be composed ; but Sophia claimed her attention in vain : she drew back, and laid hold of her mother’s hand, whose feelings she, by a sort of instinct, knew were not dissimilar to her own.

“ Cunning one,” said Sophia, smiling at her.

“ Look, sir, Bertha fancies she has found an accomplice in my mother.”

“ Nay,” said Mrs. Grey, as she drew her little girl closer to her ; “ nay, I must not be blamed by implication. And here comes our truant, with his hands full, and determined to show us that all our fancies are ill founded.”

Mordaunt came forward with an air of triumph, bearing in his hand a magnificent piece of Bristol stone, which he had just purchased from the men he had visited. “ I have the honour,” he said, addressing Sophia, “ to present your ladyship with your first diamonds.”

The stones were indeed remarkably fine ; but Bertha, who recollected the diamonds she had seen in Portugal, rejected immediately the idea of Bristol stones deserving the name. She was eager to try if they would cut glass, and shine in the dark. She took one of them, and shutting it up in her hand, tried to peep in between her fingers, and see if it sparkled. Mordaunt rallied her, without mercy, on the novel idea of expecting to see any thing so closely covered with her hand ; but as soon as they arrived at the hotel,

Bertha had the laugh on her side, for she then gave her experiment a fair trial, and proved, logically, as she said, (or rather Mordaunt said for her,) that these diamonds of her brother's were no diamonds after all.

"I assure you, however," said her mother, "that these same stones which you despise so much, when cut, and well set, look uncommonly brilliant. They are not so common as they used to be. Camden says that, in his time, whole bushels might have been gathered of them.

"Bertha," said Mr. Grey, "can you tell me when Camden lived?"

Bertha hesitated a little, and then confessed that, though she had heard, she had forgotten.

"He was a celebrated antiquarian," said her father, and his 'Britannia' is still considered a work of great value. He was born in 1551, and died in 1623. Can you tell, now that I have named the dates, what sovereigns, during that period, governed England?"

"Yes," said Bertha, eagerly; "Mary, Elizabeth, and James."

"Now you see the advantage of dates, though

they are troublesome to learn," said her father, with a smile. "In the tour we are about to make, we shall need all our historical recollections. Bristol, whose smoke and narrow streets disgusted you so much, is a place of great antiquity, and considered the second commercial city in the kingdom. Radcliff church (built in 1292) is eminently beautiful."

"Oh!" said Sophia, "that we should have forgotten Chatterton. Was it not from some old parchments found by his father, who was the sexton, that he manufactured those poems, that, for a time, divided the opinions of the literary world? I should like to have visited Radcliff church, if it was only for that circumstance."

"Yes," said Mr. Grey; "he gave to the world some poems, which he declared were the work of Rowley, a priest who flourished in the fifteenth century; and so wonderfully was the deception preserved, that it seems astonishing that a youth so unlettered as he was, should have been able to accomplish so difficult an undertaking. I forget now how a doubt of their authen-

ticity arose; but his refusing to show the original MS. proved, decidedly, that some deception had been practised. The probability is, that he really did find some old poems, which served him as guides, and from which he compiled those he gave to the world."

"He died, sir, did he not, by poison?" said Mordaunt.

"He came to London, and not meeting with the encouragement he wished, and felt he deserved, he is said to have poisoned himself. He was hardly twenty at the time. If any thing could teach us contentment under the dispensations of Providence, I think," continued Mr. Grey, "the fate of those who claim the glory of superior genius, would make us acknowledge the value of our humbler lot. Talents are coveted by all: they are gifts which place its possessor on a level with the highest and the proudest; yet are they accompanied with such drawbacks, that none could wish for them who valued the happiness of their children."

"But, sir," said Sophia, who was of an age, and who possessed taste sufficient to value

superior mental endowments, something beyond their real worth, "surely, sir, this is not necessarily the case. What should we be without the memorials of departed genius—poetry, music, painting? Oh! father, you would not undervalue them, I am sure."

"The results, the effects of genius, no one can prize more than I do, my dear," replied Mr. Grey: "they form a large portion of our enjoyment in this world, and they have a softening and a virtuous influence on the mind; but when you have lived in the world as long as I have, you will, perhaps, enter more fully into my opinion as to the happiness genius confers on its possessor. Take even the wide field you have yourself named: examine the lives of those whose productions in music, painting, and poetry delight us, and you will find a long catalogue of sorrows, of disappointed hopes, unbridled passions, improvidence that led to want, and mortification sometimes ending in madness. Few and rare have been the exceptions; and though, perhaps, it may be difficult to account for it, yet such are the facts. A desire of knowledge first led to sin; and it

seems as if some punishment is still attached to all those gifted with superior abilities."

"But may it not arise," said Sophia, "from a mind so highly wrought as to be above the common cares of this world? Can you not imagine, sir, such an acuteness of intellect as may really be an extra sense? If we could all of us preserve that tone of mind with which, at some brief moments, we are favoured, how differently should we act and feel. But these better moments pass swiftly: they are 'like angel visits, few and far between.'"

"If," said Mr. Grey, "it were indeed true that genius elevated us above this world, then I should acknowledge your argument to be as solid as it is ingenious; but the truth is, my dear enthusiastic daughter, that the most renowned geniuses have been slaves to their passions, seeking gratification in the lowest scenes of intemperance, indulging every angry passion and vindictive feeling, and sharing amply in all the frailties to which flesh is heir. The better moments to which you so justly allude, are not so much derived from the intellect as from the

heart, and the more sensible influence of the Supreme Being at such times. Genius and religion have been rarely found in unison, till death drew near. I am sorry to grieve you, but I earnestly desire that you should see facts in a just point of view. Yours is an age of romantic expectation. This world, my dear child, is not formed for such feelings; and if you desire to act your part wisely and happily in it, repress, as much as possible, your imagination."

Sophia sighed, but she felt the justice of her father's remark; and when Mordaunt began to rally her on her disappointment, she smiled and turned the conversation on Bristol. In vain her brother strove to renew the argument: she shook her head at all his wild sallies, but still avoided all further discussion on a class of persons he was pleased to call her worthies. His witty speeches, and his gay caricatures, prevented all other conversation; and, as she bid him good night, she acknowledged he had a genius for mirth unrivalled, and not likely to destroy his happiness. It was not till the next morning that, on taking final leave of Clifton, on their way to the New

Passage, she could renew her question as to the part Bristol took in the civil war between Charles and his Parliament. "It was taken, I know," she said; "but I am ashamed to say I forget by what party."

"It was yielded," said her father, "to Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles the First; and great blame was attached to the governor, who capitulated. His name was Fiennes, the son of Lord Say, a gentleman of great mental endowments, acute intellect, and refined learning; but he wanted that species of firmness which is partly constitutional, and partly the result of military experience. He yielded when it was imagined that the place would have held out till the Parliament could have succoured him with fresh troops."

"It is well," said Mrs. Grey, "that Mordaunt does not hear this: his vocation is for active life, and all his heroes must have nerves of brass."

Bertha was interrupted in the midst of her predictions concerning Mordaunt's future greatness, by their arrival at the New Passage. They had the mortification to find that the tide would not enable them to cross for nearly two hours.

But his prognostics were vain: the perverse bird sunk lower and lower on the turf, and at length it rolled heavily on its side. Bertha, in an agony, called to Sophia, entreating her to try and save it. Her sister good-naturedly left her drawing; but even her skill was vain: when she came up to them, the bird was lying dead and stiff in Mordaunt's hand. Bertha's tears were in her eyes ready, yet ashamed to flow. She shrunk from it, as her brother held it towards her, quoting the Nursery Rhyme,

It turned on its side,
Gave a cackle and died.

"How could it die!" she said, in great distress. "Only look, how nice the cage is! I thought it would have been so happy."

Sophia took the bird in her hand, and felt its crop. "Don't be too much shocked," she said; "but I fear it has died from over-feeding. Probably it had been kept some time without food, and the meat was more than it could digest."

At this period of their conference, the old ostler, who had appeared only occupied with his

horses, joined them, and said, scratching his head, "So, you've a killed Maggy! Our Moll won't thank you, I can tell you."

"Why, old boy," said Mordaunt, "I thought you did not know to whom the bird belonged."

"Our Moll's main fond of it," said the man, evading the question put to him; while Bertha felt a new distress—how was she to confess she had killed the bird, and what would Moll say to her.

Mordaunt, who was highly amused by the whole scene, saw, with delight, a slip-shod servant come from the inn, evidently under the influence of some tragic passion. No sooner was she near enough to see the dead bird, than floods of tears rolled down her cheek. In vain was her apron used to disperse the gentle shower: she had the gift of tears, and she made the most of it. Between every fresh burst of grief, she apostrophized the dead bird; while she gave a glance now and then to the ostler, to see if she was playing her part properly. Mordaunt, who saw at a glance what their motives were, burst into a fit of laughter, in which Sophia had some diffi-

culty to prevent joining him, while Bertha stood humbled and ashamed; and yet, when she glanced at Moll, she felt so inclined to smile, that she wondered at her own hard-heartedness. Since the owner of the bird had appeared, the bird itself, the victim of too much kindness, was forgotten.

Moll was at length pacified by the present of half-a-crown, which Mordaunt gave, thanking her at the same time for the amusement she had afforded him; while Bertha gladly obeyed the summons they now received to embark, and turned her head away from the shore, as if she felt glad to quit it. While Sophia was amusing Mr. and Mrs. Grey with an account of the magpie, she was engaged in talking to the captain of the boat, who began the conversation by assuring her that there was no danger, and that she had no cause for alarm.

“I have no fear,” she replied. “Is not this a river? There can be no danger. Did you ever hear of any one being lost here? I should think it impossible.”

“~~man~~ shook his head. “There have been,”

he said, "no accidents in my time. I never go when the water is rough, and the wind against us; but, two years ago, the vessel which then made this passage was lost."

"And the passengers?" said Bertha, as she drew nearer to the man, with a mixture of terror and interest.

"All lost, Miss. I was at the Black Rock, (that's where we shall land presently,) and waiting for the vessel coming in. The time passed, and we saw nothing of her that tide; but we had no thoughts but she had found it too rough to cross. But when the next tide came without her, then we feared all wern't right. I got up early the next morning, and the first thing I saw on the water was the body of a carriage. Then we took boat and went to examine. There was nobody in the carriage; but several other things were floating on the water: a fur-tippet, I remember well. Then we went back to the New Passage, and there we learnt that a lady and gentleman, and two servants, with carriage and horses, had left, the day before, with the morning's tide. We never saw more of them. It was

supposed they went down just at the turning ; for wind and tide was both against them, and 'twas folly to venture. But Tom Pearce was always fool-hardy."

"And the bodies?" asked Bertha, drawing her breath painfully.

"They were never found: 'twas supposed, as it blew a gale that night, that they were drifted into the sea. There's the Black Rock, Miss. You'll be landed within the twenty-five minutes, as I promised you."

The captain was as good as his word ; and, ten minutes afterwards, horses were put to the carriage, and they were on their road to Newport.

"Now," said Mr. Grey, "we are fairly in Wales. We shall not, indeed, travel through North Wales, which is the most beautiful part of the principality: our road will lie quite to the south, as we shall embark for Ireland at Milford Haven ; but we shall, nevertheless, pass a number of fine old ruins, which are intimately connected with the former state of the country. The Welsh people were long unsubdued ; and it was not till the reign of Edward the First that they

were really conquered. The severe measures to which he had recourse, and of which the massacre of the Bards was the most deeply felt, broke the spirit of the nation ; and the subsequent birth of Edward the Second, at Caernarvon Castle, contributed greatly to reconcile them to the English yoke. Wales possesses many natural advantages: it has innumerable rivers, mountain torrents, and coal mines in great abundance. The southern part abounds in lime and mines of lead, iron, and copper. Very great improvements have been made recently in Wales. Canals have been cut, which have facilitated the communication of one place with another, and greatly advanced the interests of commerce ; and new roads have been made, to the accommodation of travellers. The first act of parliament in England for repairing the roads, was passed, I think, about the middle of the sixteenth century ; but it did not extend to Wales. The roads in that country were then only of two kinds, either rugged and narrow paths up the mountains, called *step-ladders* ; or pathways, deep sunk in the valleys, which obtained the name of *ditches*. The first great

improvements in South Wales had their origin in the exertions of the Agricultural Society in Brecknockshire, which was begun in 1755."

"I shall remember that date," said Bertha, "because it is the same year as the Lisbon earthquake; but, papa, I want to know who the Bards were whom Edward massacred, and in what way they could have offended him."

"In the early ages of the world, my dear, before printing was discovered, and when writing was an accomplishment confined to few persons, and those only to be found in cities and countries already somewhat advanced in civilization, the national history of every country in that rude period was consigned to the memory of a particular set of men, who sung at public festivals, or on great occasions, the noble deeds of their countrymen; and who, handing down these national stories to their children, kept alive in the public mind the customs and the deeds of their forefathers. Wales had been accustomed to be governed by their own princes; and on the invasion of the English, the Bards stimulated the people to an obstinate resistance, by setting forth,

The Bards.

Page 14



Welsh Costume.

Page 66



in glowing colours, their former freedom, and reciting the heroic deeds of the dead. They taught that it was sweet to die for one's country; and they nerved the arms of their countrymen with new vigour. They thus became themselves particularly obnoxious to the invaders; and, by their extinction, Edward showed his policy, though his cruelty was detestable."

"Were the Bards," said Bertha, "confined only to Wales? Have other countries had similar living chronicles?"

"In the early ages every nation possessed some spirited narrator of his country's glory. Homer, who lived a thousand years before Christ, recited his own verses; and to this day the Italian improvvisatore is a faint specimen of the ancient Bards. If these persons should take it into their heads to assume any popular grievance as a subject of declamation, you can easily believe how powerful an influence they would have on the unlettered populace. All the dangerous and mischievous addresses made in England and Ireland, by persons who call themselves the friends of the people, have for their object the detail of

present grievances, contrasted with past happiness. To the common people they may be said to be the living and evil chronicles of the past ; unlike the ancient Bards, whose influence was usually exerted on the side of virtue."

Sophia here repeated to Bertha Gray's ode, beginning,

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait ;

explaining to her as she went on the meaning of the different allusions it contains to the history of England ; and when it was brought to a conclusion, Mrs. Grey called their attention to the scenery through which they were passing, and from which their recent conversation had diverted their attention. The country was, as they approached Newport, uncommonly pretty. A gentle line of hills, intersecting each other, and fading into fainter distance as they receded, were lovely in the fitful effects of light and shade ; to which was added the exquisite beauty of the luxuriant woods at their base, glowing in the pride of summer. On entering Newport, they saw on the right, as they passed over the bridge, the remains of the old

Castle, which was now turned into a brewery. The town itself was very dull, and seemed half uninhabited ; and though ready for dinner on their arrival at the inn, they were mortified to find that no provisions were to be had, for that a company of attornies, assembled for the approaching sessions, had engrossed all the dead stock in the larder. A hurried luncheon of eggs and bacon was all they could procure ; and, ordering fresh horses, they set off for Cardiff. Two miles before they reached the town, they passed Rumney bridge, thrown over that river.

“ We are now,” said Mr. Grey, as they drove over it, “ entering Glamorganshire, and bidding farewell to Monmouthshire. Cardiff, or as the Welsh spell it, Caerdyv, derives its name from the junction of two rivers, the great and little Tav ; and the plural of Tav being Tyv, hence the word Caerdyv. This united stream falls into the Severn, three miles below the town. The town carries on a considerable trade to Bristol, and sends there great quantities of oats, barley, salt-butter, and poultry. It also exports to London a great quantity of cast and wrought iron,

made at Merthyr Tydvil; and which comes to Cardiff by a canal, which is singular in its construction, being five hundred and sixty-eight feet higher than the tide-lock at Cardiff."

On arriving at the hotel their first care was to order dinner, and when certain that it was in progress, they were all glad to stretch their legs; and on entering the street, after a little hesitation as to which should be their first object, they determined to visit the church of St. John. It was built in the thirteenth century, and was in its original construction a plain Norman edifice; but the Tower, of more modern date, is greatly admired by all lovers of architecture. It is a lofty, square building, having at each corner open pinnacles of exquisite workmanship. The travellers admired them greatly; but finding there were no objects of antiquarian interest within the church, they declined the offer of the sexton, and after another admiring glance, they proceeded to the castle, which is still an object of great interest. The ditch that formerly surrounded it had been filled up by its present owner, Lord Bute; and the ramparts within the outward wall, planted

with shrubs, forming a terrace, from which was displayed a beautiful prospect.

As they wandered about, Mr. Grey reminded them that the Black Tower had been assigned as the prison of Robert Courtoise, in the reign of Henry the First; "and Sophia," he continued, "Cardiff will be endeared to you by the recollection that it defended itself valiantly against Oliver Cromwell, who acknowledged that he should not at last have taken it so easily, but for a deserter who showed the way to a subterranean passage."

"All Wales," said Mordaunt, "was loyal; and if Charles had sought refuge amongst them instead of the Scots, probably he might have defended himself longer and with better success."

"Charles," said Mr. Grey, as they slowly walked back to the inn, "was unfortunate in his friends as well as his foes. He was opposed by men of great abilities; and those who favoured his cause, and would willingly have shed their blood in his defence, seem to have wanted that prudence and penetration which could alone have made his cause prosper. His council were divided

in their opinions, and he himself seems to have been afraid to act upon the advice of any one."

"We have the advantage," said Mrs. Grey, "of seeing all the game: but probably, at that period, no human wisdom could have saved the unfortunate king. There are particular periods in the history of human nature, when no human sagacity or skill can master the strong current of popular opinion."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied; "but the history of the reformers of that day offers a useful lesson to those of the present time. The good men who engaged in their schemes soon saw themselves overruled and outwitted by the bad, who dismissed them, without ceremony, when they had answered their purpose; and Oliver Cromwell himself, the most vociferous reformer that ever existed, no sooner filled the place of the murdered king, than he was ten times the tyrant, and practised ten times the exactions with which he had reproached Charles the First."

"It is," said Mrs. Grey, "the history of human nature. The leveller strikes at those above

him, only to fill their places : they have no intention of reform extending to themselves."

"The Scotch," said Sophia, "acted an unworthy part throughout the whole of the civil war; and I could not but think it a sort of practical justice that Cromwell, on his coming into power, should carry the war into their own country. Those who take up arms against their sovereign can but ill absolve themselves of the guilt attached to his future fate. I honour the maxim of Sir Thomas More:—'Cleave to the crown though it hang on a bush,' shall be my motto as well as his."

"And mine," said Mordaunt, "shall be 'dinner! dinner!' for the next hour at least. I, for my part, should carefully enquire who gave the best provender; and, like the renowned Captain Dalgetty, choose accordingly."

"Nay," said Sophia, as the colour rose in her cheeks, "I know you to be but in jest; yet I would have you, Mordaunt, not even be merry on such a subject."

"Let him follow," said her father, as together they lingered behind the rest; "let him follow

the dictates of his happy disposition. Mirth suits him : it can never become him younger ; and, Sophy, under all that gay exterior, he has a spirit that will show itself true as steel in the hour of danger."

" I know it : I feel it as strongly, sir," she replied, " as you do ; and I am wrong to quarrel with his gaiety. It is on that subject only that I do not share it willingly."

" A man," said Mr. Grey, " would be unfitted for an active life if his feelings were as easily excited as yours. A calm mind, a cool head, and an honest heart, are the best qualifications for action. But I suspect we shall lose our dinner if we stay to discuss these delicate subjects. I hear a grateful note of preparation up stairs, for which I believe we are all as well prepared as Mordaunt."

On entering the room they found dinner ready ; and, after a merry evening, they retired early to rest, and set off the next morning, proposing to breakfast at Cowbridge ; but they were induced to turn out of the road to see the ruins of the cathedral of Llandaff, called by the Welsh Llandav, from

its being built on the Tav. The village in which it is situated is very miserable; but the venerable remains of antiquity struck them with reverence and admiration. Immediately over the principal entrance, and underneath the arch, is the figure of a bishop, with one hand half raised, the other holding the pastoral staff: above, over the higher windows, is another figure, sitting with a book in his hand. The whole is surmounted by a very ancient cross. Sophia stopped to sketch a very rich Saxon door-way; while Mr. Grey led the rest of the party to the north angle, where a single tower alone remains of the two built by Jasper Duke of Bedford, in 1485. He remarked, that the destruction of this building, with a considerable portion of the church, was attributed to Owen Glendower. The early history of this see," he continued, "is involved in considerable obscurity, and little is known of it that can be depended upon. The ancient structure having fallen to decay, this new edifice, which so strangely contrasts with what is left of the old, was built within the former walls, in 1751. Large sums have been expended on this church," he conti-

nued, as they walked through it, "but without success. There is a mixture of almost every species of architecture—Gothic, a Grecian portico over the altar, Venetian windows, and Ionic pillars. The neatness with which it is kept seems the only praise that can be justly bestowed upon it."

"It puts me in mind," said Mrs. Grey, "of the witty speech made by Apelles to an inferior artist."

"What was it, mother?" said Bertha; "I love wit."

"Apelles was shown by this person a Venus, loaded with jewels, while the face and figure were ill drawn and ugly. 'Since you could not make her handsome,' said Apelles, 'you have made her rich.'"

Bertha smiled, and said she pitied the poor artist, who must have been sadly mortified by this remark; and Sophia joining them, she repeated the story to her, and a succession of amusing anecdotes followed, which engaged the attention of the party so entirely that they were arrived at the inn-door at Cowbridge before they thought they had got half way.

It was with some difficulty that they found accommodation, for the assizes were at that time held in the town; and the inn was full of the learned gentlemen of the law. Beds were found out of the house by Mr. Grey and his son; and the ladies were accommodated with an apartment not very greatly distinguished by comfort. The sitting-room was very small, with a stone floor strewed with rushes. Sophia remarked, that it delighted her to see this vestige of primitive manners. "We might almost fancy ourselves," she said, in the reign of queen Elizabeth; "for I believe it was a common thing, in her time, to have no carpets."

"Comfort," said Mrs. Grey, "is a word of variable meaning, according to the different periods we select. Certainly, in the nineteenth century, we should be ill satisfied with what was thought luxury in the sixteenth."

"And according to climate also," observed Sophia, "so will the requisites for comfort vary. We should have been oppressed in Portugal with what is absolutely necessary for our convenience and well-being in England."

"But," said Bertha, "I think Wales is much behind England in neatness and convenience: the windows and doors of the inns hardly ever shut, or the former will not open; and every thing has a much more poverty-struck look than we see in England."

"That is," said her mother, "because you have travelled only on the great and perpetually frequented roads in England. Some of the cross-roads, and, if I recollect, some of the inns in Cornwall were as little to your taste as those of Wales."

Mordaunt here gravely said, "Ladies, allow me to remind you, that

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

"What!" said Mr. Grey, catching the last words as he entered the room, "Mordaunt preaching philosophy! What new wonder will next arise? I came to say that the evening is so fine, I think we might walk over the town."

"Is Cowbridge a place of consequence?" asked Sophia.

“ It is populous and flourishing,” replied her father; “ and the soil, I am told, remarkably fertile. It is celebrated for the variety of castles it has in its neighbourhood; and in the town is an excellent grammar-school, in high repute for the many literary characters it has produced. Dr. Price was educated here, who wrote the Treatise on the Picturesque, that pleased you so much, Sophia.”

“ And what castles,” she replied, “ are there to be seen—shall we visit them all? Mordaunt laughs at my passion for old ruins, but it is still in its vigour.”

“ There is Morlai Castle,” said Mr. Grey, “ which is so completely in ruins that I think it will be hardly worth while to go out of our way to see it. It had a very fine chapter-house; but, like that of Morgam Abbey, it is now little else but a heap of stones. We will visit, however, Penline Castle, about three or four miles from Cowbridge; and also the ancient town of Llanelltyd, or Llanwit, which is highly interesting from its antiquity.”

The morrow saw them up almost with the

lark ; and as they enjoyed the delightful freshness of a summer morning, Bertha, in an ecstasy of joy, caressed and thanked her father again and again, for the pleasure he had procured them.

“ My dear,” he replied, “ you owe me no thanks in comparison to those we should all render to a kind Providence, who has mercifully provided us with so many sources of enjoyment. The celebrated Mrs. Carter has very justly observed, that it was a striking proof of the goodness of Providence that so many objects of nature are capable, from their beauty as well as use, of imparting so much, and such perfectly innocent pleasure ; and hence she always inculcated the necessity of endeavouring to cultivate such a frame of mind as to be enabled to have a taste for such enjoyments as make this world delightful, and yet throw no obstacle in our journey to a better.”

“ The observation,” said Mrs. Grey, “ is as beautiful as it is just. But here we are at Penline Castle.”

“ And now that we are here,” said Mordaunt, “ I see nothing to repay our coming. The driver

says no one knows when it was built ; and it appears to me, sir, to be more calculated for an observatory for the weather, from its great elevation. That Welshman* with the unpronounceable name, has well described it in those lines you showed me last night :

When the hoarse waves of Severn are screaming aloud,
And Penline's lofty castle's involved in a cloud,
If true the old proverb, a shower of rain
Is brooding above, and will soon drench the plain.

“ Out upon you, raven !” said Bertha ; “ if the Muses only make you poetical to foretell the clouding of this lovely day, you are better without the gift.”

“ Drive on to Llanwit,” said Mr. Grey, laughing. “ When Bertha quarrels with poetry, and Mordaunt quotes it, we may expect stranger things even than rain on a summer's day. Llanelltyd, or Llanwit,” he continued, “ which we shall soon reach, (for it lies only three miles from this place,) was, in British and Norman times, a place of consequence ; and, in 1118,

* Iolo Morgonwg.

was denominated by Pope Calixtus, in his decrees, as the first of the churches. The town itself shows many traces of its former extent; and many streets and lanes that exist no longer are yet known by their ancient names. Sophia, you will, I think, be particularly pleased to trace the remains of its former splendour."

"It is a curious enquiry," said Mrs. Grey, "and a useful lesson of the transitory nature of all human glory, to observe the causes that have led to the utter extinction of places that once seemed to enjoy a degree of trade and prosperity that must ensure their preservation."

"Such an enquiry," replied Mr. Grey, "is combined with some of the most difficult problems in politics, taken only in the obvious causes of decay which occasioned the downfall of the innumerable cities of antiquity. Some places have lost even their foundations: others yet retain many relics of former times. Of the former it may be remarked, that they are commonly situated on the sea-side, or some great river, and owed much of their prosperity to trade: when any accidental circumstance, therefore, destroyed

their commerce, their splendour would rapidly decay. When the Roman emperors removed the seat of their empire from the west to the east, even Rome, the former mistress of the world, ceased to be the queen of nations. Many places were destroyed, as we read in the Scriptures, by the express command of God ; and, above all, the structure of the world, I mean its political structure, was not made to last. And the Christian era, which we cannot doubt was foreknown to the Almighty, was destined to bring in its train great and important changes. When we look back to that period, we shall see, with astonishment, what the living in those days could not see as we do—how progressive, how gradual, yet how certain, was the decay of the heathen nations.”

“ I have often thought,” said Sophia, “ of those memorable lines in the Iliad, spoken by Hector, in anticipation of the fall of Troy. Will they ever be applicable to England ?”

“ I trust not,” replied her father. “ If England be but true to herself: if each individual who helps to form the great mass of the people,

will but obey the law and the gospel, and each fulfil their duty with care, England may, I trust, still continue the wonder of the world. In these times, the most valuable service which can be performed towards our country is a careful revision of our words and actions, and a steady determination to alter what is wrong. This, indeed, would produce a general happiness that would far surpass the most splendid dreams of politicians. But here we are at Llanwit. Pull the check, Bertha."

The first spot they visited on alighting was the scite of the school founded by St. Illtyd, in the year, A. D. 508. Some small remains of this very ancient building are still to be seen. They next proceeded to see an old building of stone, called the Hall of Justice, where the Lord's Court was held, or the Norman judicial rights exercised, which made the haughty nobles of feudal times independent of the crown. A strong arched chamber is under this building, supposed to be a prison for those prisoners who were tried by the court above. The tradition of the village is, that this place owed its origin to the Flemings,

who settled along the coast of Glamorganshire in the early part of Henry the Second's reign; and this place was the residence of one of their greatest chiefs.

"In feudal times," observed Mr. Grey, as Bertha withdrew sadly from the prison, "the power of the lords of the soil was absolute over the life of his vassal. Nor was this all: the more powerful oppressed the weaker nobles; and perpetual acts of fraud, violence, and rapine took place."

"Papa," said Bertha, "the feudal system always puzzles me when I read it in books. Will you explain it to me? I shall understand it better from you."

"We shall, bye and by, have a long, dull ride to Pyle," said her father; "and then we will examine your difficulties, and explain them away if we can: at present I am anxious you should see the church, or rather the remains of the ancient monastery, and the walls of the school that lie behind it. The monastery, or college, founded by St. Illtyd, received, at one time, seven sons of British princes; and the

students in their college had for their habitations four hundred houses, and seven halls. In fine, it was the principal university in Britain till the Norman conquest."

With great interest the little party examined the walls of the school, and traced the remains of the monastery, which were yet visible north-west of the school. With some difficulty they marked out the boundaries of the vestibule of the church. It was roofless; and an immense burial-ground was left, surrounded by all the marks of neglect and decay.

Sophia paused at the fragment of a monument representing an ecclesiastic reclining on a cushion, with his feet resting on two globes, containing an inscription for William de Richlieu, a Norman. "If," she said, "the slumberer below could rise for a moment and see the scene around him, what would his impressions be!"

"Sorrowful ones, you may be sure," said her mother.

"And feelings of wonder also," she replied. "How every thing around would surprise him!—the improvements in agriculture, the houses, the

town, all so superior to that he could have seen, What an astonishing number of new ideas, new perceptions would oppress him !”

“ And yet,” said her father, “ rest assured, grief would be the most predominant feeling. This village is a mere nothing to what it was at that time. The church and the monastery over which he presided have disappeared, and with them the religion he taught. Instead of profound deference and submission, he would meet with contending opinions, and find his own despised. I advise you to let him repose in peace.”

“ I believe I must,” she answered, laughing ; “ and I think I wished to revive him rather for my own benefit than for his. Whose is this broken monument, sir, before which the guide is stopping with so reverential an air ?”

“ It is,” said Mr. Grey, “ the broken statue of a celebrated man, called Howel Dha, the renowned Cambrian legislator. The whole town exhibits numerous indices of its former extent and importance. The foundations of several streets may, I am told, be accurately traced ; and its populousness is evinced by its immense cemetery. The

town-hall of those days is still standing, and the jail has not been removed many years. It was in the time of Henry the Eighth, and during the progress of the Reformation, that the town lost its corporate privileges, and subsequently sunk into decay."

Here the guide interposed to beg they would follow him to the north side of the church, in a garden next to which he showed, with pride, the ruins of the college-house.

"It was then, from thence," said Sophia, "that, for a time, the learning of Britain was derived; and now how wonderfully altered are the position of the two countries: yet England has not increased in size, or Wales, by its union with her, been impeded in the pursuit of knowledge."

"You mistake," said Mr. Grey: "England has wonderfully increased in size since that period. In the first place, she has the empire of the sea; and there is hardly a country in the world to which it either does not trade, or in which it has not a flourishing colony. Merely to look at England on the map, will give you no

idea of its size, if you fix your eyes only on that portion that goes by the name of England."

"True," said Sophia, "I had forgotten that ; but look, sir, is that the pyramid you were speaking of?"

"Yes, and a most singular one it is ; about, I should imagine, seven feet high, and adorned with ancient British carvings. That furrow, or groove, on the left side, made from top to bottom, seems clearly to have been intended for a cross."

"And here," said Bertha, "is another stone, equally a curiosity as to carving, which the guide says was a pedestal to a cross ; and the inscription on the other side, he says, is a dedication of one Samson, who erected it for the benefit of his soul ; and the characters on this side assert that he afterwards consecrated it to St. Illtyd. And look, Sophy, here is a curiosity : that stone against the wall of the porch is to the memory of Ithiel, and was built as early as the sixth century. How could it remain so many years entire?"

"This stone," said her sister, "is very massive, and not liable to injury from time. Immense

buildings have stood a longer time. Many monuments of a much earlier period remain at Rome to this day; and at Athens some of the finest specimens of Grecian architecture still exist, and serve as models for foreign artists. But, Bertha, have you not missed Mordaunt? I have been expecting to hear you ask after him this long time."

"He got tired," she replied, "of wandering about here, and set off to see Donat's Castle, a mile from hence. He laid a wager with my mother that he would be back within a particular hour, which is on the eve of expiring, and I am afraid he will lose. My mother has had her watch in her hand these five minutes."

"In vain, however, I suspect," said her father. "I do not think Mordaunt will lose the bet: your mother is no match for him in these things."

Mr. Grey was not mistaken. When they turned the corner, they saw Mrs. Grey sitting amongst the ruins where they had left her, and Mordaunt laughing beside her, with his hand extended towards her, soliciting the payment of

his bet. The moment he saw them, he sprang up and boasted of his triumph.

“ Well, but,” said Bertha, as she took his seat by her mother, “ tell us what you saw. Here is a nice basket of cherries : let us sit in the shade while we eat them, and you talk to us ; for I can see you have had your share.”

“ How ?” asked her brother.

“ By your purple lips, 'squire. Now do sit just there, and describe the castle to us.”

“ It was, I assure you, very like other castles ; situated close to the sea, at a distance of three hundred yards only from it. A great part of it is decayed, but some portion of it is still habitable. They showed us the state apartments, now very much decayed ; and the gardens traced down to the Severn. This place belonged to a family of the Stradlings, who possessed it as their family seat six hundred and forty-eight years. When the last heir died it came, in 1740, to Bussey Mansell, Esq. The court is very low, ridiculously so, and of a polygonal shape, ornamented with small recesses, in which are placed busts of the Roman emperors and empresses ;

and they were once as fine as hands and gilding could make them. You would have laughed at the absurd figure these respectable ornaments made. I wished for you when I got up to the principal tower, and saw straight across the channel to Minehead in Somersetshire."

"Were the state-rooms furnished?" asked Sophia.

"In an old, heavy style they were: such as was much admired by our good queen Bess, and in the days of James the First, when they had as much taste as ——."

"You know nothing about it," interrupted Bertha. "Don't abuse past days. The ladies understood Greek and Latin in those days; and I am inclined to think them, altogether, more clever than we are, though there are none of them alive to plead their own cause."

"Greek and Latin!" said Mordaunt, with a laugh: "any Eton boy of the fourth form would beat them, I'll be bound."

"In those days," said Mr. Grey, "you must recollect that the sovereign of England was a woman; and that, having received a learned edu-

cation herself, she set the fashion of learning in her court. The method of instruction was easier then, and similar to the newly revived interlinear system of the present day ; and Elizabeth being the most despotic of monarchs, her wishes were laws. It is a remarkable feature in English history, that in the reigns of two queens of England there has been a constellation of talent. Sophia, perhaps you can tell Bertha the principal writers of those periods."

"In the reign of Elizabeth," she replied, "Spencer, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Bacon, and Burleigh ; and in the reign of Anne, Pope, Swift, Congreve, and Rowe, were the celebrated poets: Newton, Bolingbroke, and Shaftesbury the most eminent philosophers ; and Steele and Addison distinguished themselves by the Spectator."

By this time the cherries were finished, the carriage ready, and the party again commenced their journey towards Neath, where they were to stop for the night. Their first stage was Pyle ; and finding the road as dull as it had been said it would be, Bertha remembered her father's promise, and eagerly besought him to fulfil it.

“ I like word-of-mouth information,” said Bertha ; “ I remember it so much better than I do that of books.”

Mrs. Grey smiled. “ I am afraid,” she said, “ that arises from the volatility of your temper ; for, if you had patience, you could surely gain from books the information you now seek to receive from others, who have only had similar means of knowledge.”

Bertha coloured a little, conscious of the justice of the remark ; but the next moment she smiled, and turned to her father, in the confidence of receiving the information she best liked, in what was to her the most agreeable form.

“ I shall require,” said Mr. Grey, “ all your attention, for I am going to present you a chain of reasoning which you will not understand if you suffer your mind to be called off by other subjects. The Roman empire, which had conquered the world, grew enfeebled by that very conquest. The various nations they had vanquished, became indeed, nominally, Roman citizens ; but their spirits were broken and their minds debased by the long servitude in which

they were kept; and in the hour of peril, that is, when the irruption of the northern nations overwhelmed the empire, they were found incapable of courage or discipline: and in two centuries from the first decay of the Roman power it was extinguished. You remember, I am sure, that line of La Fontaine, where he says,

Tout établissement vient tard et dure peu.

It was fully exemplified in Rome: at the close of the sixth century the Saxons were masters of the southern and more fertile provinces of Britain; the Franks, of Gaul; the Goths, of Spain, of Lombardy and Italy, and the adjacent provinces. It has been justly remarked, that when nations subject to despotic government make conquests, they only serve to extend the power of their master; but armies composed of freemen conquer for themselves, not for their leader. The people who overturned the Roman empire were of this latter class. They considered their conquests as common property, in which all had a title to share, as all had contributed to acquire it; but on what principle they divided the

lands amongst them cannot now be known. This new division of property, together with the maxims and manners to which it gave rise, introduced that singular institution, now known by the name of the feudal system. These conquerors of Europe had their acquisitions to maintain, not only against such of the old inhabitants as they had spared, but also against new conquerors; and self-defence seems to have been the sole object of their political institutions. Every freeman, upon receiving a portion of land, bound himself to appear in arms against the enemies of the commonwealth. This military service was the condition by which he held his land. The king, or general, who led them to conquest, still preserved his superiority, and had a large portion of land allowed him; and having thus acquired the honour of rewarding past services, he bound those to whom he distributed his land, to resort, in the hour of danger, to his standard, with a number of men in proportion to the extent of the territory which they received. The chief officers followed his example in their distribution of land among their dependents, and annexed to them the same con-

ditions. The names of a soldier and a freeman became synonymous. Now, though these provisions were excellent for the military defence of the kingdom, its internal policy for order and good government was miserable, and soon produced the worst consequences. The powerful vassals of the crown speedily extorted a confirmation, for life, of those grants of land which had at first been merely bestowed during pleasure. Next, they prevailed to have them made hereditary; and, finally, they succeeded in making them inalienable. They conferred on themselves titles of honour, as well as offices of power and trust, which were annexed to certain families, and became an hereditary right, transmitted like fiefs from father to son. They obtained besides, the supreme jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases within their own territories; and the right of coining money, together with the privilege of making war on their own enemies, in their own name, and by their own authority. Thus a kingdom, considerable in extent, was broken into as many separate principalities as there were barons. The lower class of people, the most numerous as

well as the most useful, were reduced to actual servitude, or treated with the same insolence and rigour as if they were really so; and to make the system hopeless, time gradually fixed and rendered venerable this pernicious order of things, which violence first established. Such was the state of Europe from the seventh to the eleventh century, with respect to its internal administration. Do you quite understand me, my dear?"

"Oh! yes, papa," replied Bertha, "I understand you perfectly. How is it that printed books are not so clear as speaking?"

"Why, I believe," replied Mr. Grey, "that they are as clear to those who can understand or will read them."

"Indeed, papa, I do try; but, I assure you, my books are not at all so clear as your talking. Will you tell me the distinction between the *servi* and *villani*, of which Mordaunt was speaking yesterday."

"The condition of the *servi*, or slaves, was wretched in the extreme: their masters had absolute command over their persons and lives,

and might kill and torture them with impunity. The *villani* differed, in this respect, from slaves—they paid a fixed rent to their master for the land they cultivated; and when that was paid, all the fruits of their labour were their own. In general, the *villani* were freemen, who possessed some small allodial property of their own, and rented besides some from their wealthier neighbours, which they cultivated, and for which they paid a fixed rent, and bound themselves to perform for them some small services, such as ploughing a certain quantity of their land, and assisting in carrying home their harvest and vintage. These persons were, however, freemen in the most honourable sense of the word.”

“Sir,” said Sophia, “will you have the goodness to explain to me the meaning and derivation of the term *allodial*?”

“There were,” said her father, “at that time, three terms which marked the different tenures by which land was held, viz. *allodial*, *beneficium*, and *feodum*. The first word is derived from the German particle *am*, and *lot*; that is, land obtained by lot. *Beneficium* was a term to denote

persons who had only the use and enjoyment of land during their lives, it returning to the superior lord on their demise. *Feodum*, derived from *od*, possession or estate; and *feo*, wages or pay, intimated that lands so held were stipendary, and the reward of some past service. Freeman is a term opposed to vassal. The former means the allodial proprietor; the latter, one who held of a superior. These freemen were under obligations to serve the state by arms; and this duty was considered so sacred, that freemen were prohibited from entering holy orders, unless they obtained the consent of the sovereign."

"Was there not," said Sophia, "in those arbitrary times, a heavy fine levied on those freemen who refused to serve in the field?"

"There was, and it was termed *herebannum*; that is, a fine of sixty crowns was to be levied, according to the law of the Franks: which expression would seem to imply that the obligation to serve, and the penalty of those who disregarded it, were coeval with the laws made by the Franks at their first settlement in Gaul; and if the freeman were insolvent and unable to pay

the herebannum, he was reduced to servitude till his labour should amount to its full value."

Before any more questions were asked Mr. Grey by his eager listeners, the carriage drove up to Pyle Inn. It is a solitary house, with nothing tempting in the scenery or the place; and when Mordaunt jumped down from the coach-box to stretch his legs, he declared that the dulness of the road had contaminated the mercury of his disposition; and that the thermometer of his wit was low, inconceivably low.

"So it appears," said his mother, laughing; "but you must mount again, quickly, even to that seat of dulness; for we shall be off in two seconds."

"Not so soon," he replied, "I assure you: the horses are out in the fields, and must be caught. John the ostler waddled after them in high style; but, nevertheless, I cannot promise a quick return."

Mordaunt was right: they waited a full half hour for the horses, and at length had only a tired pair, which had been out already. They moved slowly through a hilly road, and the party in the

carriage again turned for amusement to Mr. Grey. Bertha was anxious to know how the present prosperity of England could have arisen from such beginnings, and how a general equality of rights was obtained. "I think I have read," she concluded, "that the crusades first brought a reform; but I have also heard them spoken of as the wildest scheme of folly. How am I to reconcile these two accounts?"

"It will not be difficult to explain away these contradictions, but I am afraid it will be a greater call upon your attention than you are prepared for: you have, perhaps, heard enough for to-day."

"No, indeed, papa," said Bertha, "I am in a good vein to-day. I shall not forget what you have said, nor tire at what you are going to tell me."

"About the close of the tenth, and beginning of the eleventh century," said Mr. Grey, "an opinion had spread over Europe, and gained general credit, that the thousand years mentioned by St. John in the Revelations were accomplished, and the end of the world at hand. A general

consternation seized mankind, and occasioned a greater influx to that sacred place, the Holy Sepulchre, where they concluded our Saviour would appear to judge the world. Precisely at this period the Turks conquered Syria and Palestine from the Caliphs; and were not, like them, disposed to treat the number of pilgrims who resorted there with courtesy. Those who returned from this pilgrimage gave exaggerated accounts of the treatment they met with; and while the ferment of the public mind was at its height, Peter the Hermit appeared, and the fury of his fanatic zeal soon led all Europe to arm themselves for the defence of the Holy Land and its recovery from the Infidels. Their united efforts were finally unsuccessful; and the only common enterprise in which the European nations were engaged, remained a singular monument of human folly."

"Then how, father, could it be useful to them?" asked Bertha, puzzled by what seemed to her impatience a positive contradiction.

Mr. Grey smiled. "Though they gained," he said, "no possessions in land, they received

other benefits more valuable. It was not possible for the crusaders to travel through so many countries, and to behold their various customs and institutions, without acquiring information and improvement. Their views enlarged; their prejudices wore off; and, as their communication with the East lasted two centuries, those salutary impressions were not effaced, but gradually strengthened. The pomp of European courts improved, and a more refined taste in pleasure and amusement was visible. These changes were, however, slow in showing themselves: its effects upon property were more immediate and discernible. The nobles, who assumed the cross and bound themselves to visit the Holy Land, soon perceived that large sums were requisite for their undertaking; and as taxes were then unknown, no resource remained but the sale of their possessions. None of the sovereigns in the West had engaged in the first crusades; and they eagerly seized this opportunity of annexing considerable territories to the crown. Several of the barons also died in the Holy Land, without heirs; and the fiefs reverted, of course, to their

respective sovereigns. The absence also of many potent vassals, accustomed to control their king, enabled him to acquire an ascendancy he did not before possess. And, to crown all, those who assumed the cross being taken under the immediate protection of Heaven, the heaviest curses were denounced against those who had not devoted themselves to that sacred cause. Private quarrels and enmities, which had banished tranquillity from the feudal kingdom, were suspended or extinguished; and justice began to be more equally distributed. Commerce improved amongst the Italian states, who received the gold and silver of the western nations, for ships to transport them to the Holy Land, and afterwards to supply them with ammunition and provisions; and many valuable branches of commerce, formerly confined to Constantinople, now centered in Venice, Genoa, and Pisa. Wealth produced its natural results—it inspired a wish for such a free and equal government, as would render property secure and industry flourishing. The Italian cities first gave the example of liberty, which was soon afterwards followed by Europe at large; and

thus you see that, out of the maddest scheme of fanaticism the most beneficial effects resulted."

"Then why call it *mad*?" questioned Bertha.

"The crusaders themselves," her father replied, "had in view only the conquest of the Holy Land: they had not bestowed a thought either upon the dangers or ultimate benefits to be derived by them; therefore their scheme may be justly called wild and ridiculous."

"The lot is cast into the lap," said Mrs. Grey; "'but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.' But now I recommend you to give up your historical discussions, and look at the prospect, which has been for some time improving."

"Those must be the Margam woods," said Sophia, as she took the road-book. "As Mordaunt is not here to laugh at me, I may enquire for a view which, I think I have heard, rendered the place celebrated."

"It has fallen in," said her father. "There was a most elegant chapter-house, not unlike that in Wells cathedral; but the roof gave way, and it is now a heap of ruins."

"How beautiful those woods are!" said Mrs.

Grey, as they wound along the base of the Margam Hills, intermixed with the most luxuriant foliage, and here and there a bare rock, exposing its rugged sides to the glowing light of the evening sun. The nearer they approached the heath, the more they admired its situation. The town looked to advantage in the soft, misty haze of twilight. The river reflected the brilliant hues of the sky; and the old abbey on the left had something unusually imposing in it, from the red fires of a forge being seen through its long and unglazed windows. Its venerable outline was indistinct; and Sophia observed that there was a play left to the imagination, which completed the beauty of the scene: and they drove into Neath, in delight of all they had observed of its romantic scenery. Next morning, however, Neath appeared to them, by day-light, in less favourable colours. The town was long, straggling, and dirty; and the canal, formed close by the side of the river, nearly spoiled its beauty. On their way to Neath Abbey, situated about a mile from the town, they stopped on the bridge to admire the view from the river; and Bertha, less

of an artist than her sister, amused herself with admiring the costume of the Welshwomen, which she now saw for the first time in perfection. It was market-day, and they were coming in troops into the town. They wore a man's hat on their heads; an open kind of short bed-gown, made of a chequered stuff woven in the country; an apron of blue cotton; black stockings; and very short petticoats. Some had red shawls; and a few, mittens. Altogether they had a remarkably clean and active appearance.

They walked on, keeping, at intervals, the abbey in view, till overtaking two little girls, they stopped to ask them if they were in the right road. The first child looked them earnestly in the face, but made them no answer.

"Why does she not speak?" said Bertha to a taller girl, her companion.

"She does not talk English," she replied.

"And who taught you to speak it?"

"I go, ma'am, to the Quakers' school, and they teaches me."

"And why does not this little girl," said Bertha, "go there also?"

“ She do, Miss, sure; but she has not long been.”

“ And how old are you, who speak it so well ?”

“ I am nine and two put together, ma’am.”*

Every one laughed, and the child coloured and turned her head away.

“ How much do nine and two make ?” said Bertha, good-naturedly, to her.

“ Eleven, Miss.”

“ Then you are eleven years old. When any one asks you again, say eleven; and they will not smile at you.”

“ How many scholars are there at your school ?” asked Mrs. Grey.

“ Eleven, ma’am.”

“ And how far are we from the abbey ?” said Sophia.

“ Eleven, ma’am.”

“ Have you any brothers and sisters ?” asked Mr. Grey, willing to see whether she would still persist in the same reply.

“ Eleven, sir,” she answered.

* The actual reply of a Welsh child at Neath.

Mordaunt was in fits of laughter ; but the indefatigable Bertha was proceeding to make another effort to set the little girl right, when her mother checked her. " I doubt, my dear," she said, " whether she understands enough of English to comprehend you. You will only puzzle her with any further explanations. Give her a penny : that is a language she will not mistake."

" No, indeed," said Mr. Grey, laughing as they walked on, " there are few parts of the world where that mode of communication will not be immediately understood. Bertha looks as if she thought me very mercenary in my ideas ; but I cannot justify myself just now," he continued, as he took his little girl by the hand and pointed out the abbey to her. It covered an immense extent of ground ; but its approach was disfigured by the scattered remnants of iron engines which had formerly been used in the copper works which once flourished there. The road was encumbered by the same ugly and unornamental remains ; and, as they skirted the abbey wall, every one regretted that so little care was

taken of a building so very interesting from its antiquity. They entered by a clumsy wooden gate, put up by the porter or showman of the place ; and having knocked, a very old man presented himself and offered to show them the abbey. He led them first through some broken walls till he came to the gates, which were nearly perfect : they were of massive strength ; and from thence he led them through the hall and gallery, which were still entire, though visibly touched by time. He then showed them a chamber which had the arms of England and John of Gaunt, with the Grenville crest,* graven in stone ; and passing thence to the repertory, or kitchen, the most perfect part of the building, they walked out upon the green, which lay before the archway, and saw it was watered by the river Nidd. The whole of the edifice lies low by the water-side. Both before and behind it is sheltered by hills covered with fine timber ; and, in the olden times, when it had no smoky Neath in the distance, no copper works at its elbow, and when,

* Three chevrons quartering three horsemen's crests

save themselves, for miles around perhaps nothing but a luxuriant country was to be seen, this abbey, called by Leland the fairest in all Wales, must have been an object of great beauty, and well calculated to inspire reverence."

"This fine ruin," said Mr. Grey, after a pause of involuntary respect, "was first built in the time of Henry the First, for monks of the Cistercian order, by a Norman nobleman called Granville, whose arms we lately saw quartered with those of England. It dated its ruin, like the other monastic establishments, from the time of Henry the Eighth. Here, in its splendid days, the unfortunate Edward the Second sheltered himself till he was taken. The ground-plan of the old church may still be clearly traced, and it is grievous to see how much the building has suffered from permitting poor families to build themselves up in it temporary huts, in which they lived till the tottering walls made it dangerous to remain. I have seen a drawing of the church, in which the great western window, an object of great interest and beauty, was still standing: it has now, I see, fallen in; and I fear

the whole edifice is rapidly sharing the same fate. I should have thought the nobleman to whom it belonged would have had a greater pride, and a better taste, than to suffer it thus to be despoiled. Sophia, what say you?"

"I was thinking," she replied, as she turned her animated countenance to her father, "how beautiful this spot must once have been! Can you not imagine, sir, how tranquil, how calculated to inspire feelings of devotion, such a scene as this then was, must have been? How beautifully the vesper hymns must have sounded over the water! How soft and rich that line of hills! and the river, how gently and soothingly it flows! There was, doubtless, no bridge to mar the view, no smoke to obscure the sky: they were the lords of the soil around them, the spiritual guides, the temporal counsellors, the physicians of their poorer neighbours. Their influence must have been extensive. It was a situation well calculated to flatter and to nourish the pride of our nature."

"Your imagination, perhaps, adds a dignity

to their situation," replied Mr. Grey, "which it probably did not possess in reality. No scene is sacred from human passions; and though, on looking back, every thing seems to you to be fair and serene, depend upon it there have been acted here the same petty passions and worldly feelings, which not even a monastery excludes. These decayed walls impart a melancholy thoughtfulness, and a reverence which the building, when entire, would not, perhaps, have called forth. The monks, in the early ages, were certainly the only depositories of learning; and the tincture of medical and chemical science was often advantageous; but we must not forget that they abused this knowledge to the worst purposes. Many of the deceptions and the tricks that passed as miracles, owed their success to a superior insight into the phenomena of nature. Their learning, such as it was, they too often employed in plausible and evasive reasoning; and though the papal system was exquisitely adapted for temporal power, it struck at the root of true religion, and has invariably prevented the growth of knowledge. The most flourishing countries of

the present day are Protestants: then, all were equally dark, and equally under the dominion of the priesthood."

"Think, sir," rejoined Sophia, "what they must have felt on quitting this spot, when forcibly ejected from it by your tyrant Harry! Can you not fancy them taking a last leave, in the bitterness of their souls, and perhaps undervaluing that freedom for which they had, in some of their day-dreams, so earnestly longed?"

"At the time of the dissolution of this monastery," replied Mr. Grey, "it must have considerably decayed, for only eight monks were in it; and their income was estimated at a hundred and thirty-two pounds.* Every one must feel for men dispossessed by violence as they were; but there are certain evils which, having reached an intolerable pitch, have been punished in an exemplary manner. In that case, innocence suffers as much as guilt—the professors as well as the system."

* The money of that period, at least the pound, may be considered as five times the value of the pound in our day.

Sophia sighed: she was touched by the desolation around her, and felt more inclined to pity than to blame; and as they returned to the inn, by the river, she cast many a glance at the broken walls and ruined portals she left behind.

In the evening they drove to Briton Ferry, the seat of Lord Jersey. The quiet beauty of the village church; the ferry-boat that crossed the stream at high water; the low paling run close to the water's edge, on which the nets were hanging; and the fine woods on Lord Jersey's property, delighted the little party.

They wandered into the village church-yard, and mused over the graves, which, in Wales, are always adorned with flowers: rosemary is the most common ornament; but in Briton Ferry there were roses and bulbous flowers blooming on the turf.

They afterwards drove through the finest parts of the scenery. The boldest rocks rose with naked peaks, and below were covered with the richest verdure. All regretted that they had not more time to spend in so pretty a place; and, after dinner, returned to Neath.

There a discussion arose as to their future movements. The young people pleaded very hard for permission to see the iron-works at Merthyr Tydvil. Mr. and Mrs. Grey were afraid it might detain them too long; but on hearing that they would pass through some beautiful scenery, and that the iron-works were very well worth seeing, they consented to visit them the next morning.

“The district to which we are going,” said Mr. Grey, as the party set off in high spirits, “abounds in coal and ore, and extends about eight miles in length and four in breadth. The town of Merthyr is situated in a valley, and is bounded on each side by two ranges of hills, which hills are one of the peculiar features of Glamorganshire. The spot on which the town stands, and the adjacent neighbourhood, Mr. Crawshay was so fortunate as to purchase for eight hundred pounds, which, in ground-rent alone, has increased to a yearly rent of a thousand pounds! Mr. Crawshay is the greatest proprietor, and employs about two or three thousand workmen. The machinery is stupendous.”

“I am told,” said Mrs. Grey, “that nothing can exceed the fertility of the land round Merthyr Tydvil. How is that accounted for?”

“By the immense number of horses kept there, which, rendering manure cheap, enables them to manure their ground very highly.”

The attention of the party was here diverted by the driver, who stopped to tell them they were within five minutes’ walk of a beautiful waterfall; and all eagerly alighted to see it. It was upwards of a hundred and fifty feet high; but there having been a long succession of dry weather, the volume of water rather disappointed them. Sophia hesitated whether she would sketch it, and Mordaunt decided the question by running off with her portfolio; and they all returned to the carriage enchanted with the scenery, but bemoaning the uncertainty which always attends the magnificence of a waterfall.

Within something less than eight miles of Merthyr, Mr. Grey stopped to dine; though the young party would willingly have given up their dinner, in their impatience to arrive at the iron-works. Mr. Grey, however, detained them

on one pretext or another till late in the evening and then desired the man to drive slowly.

“Do you fear any thing, papa?” said Bertha.

“Nothing, my dear.”

“Papa is laughing all the time,” she resumed. “Sophia, can you tell what he means?”

“No—yes, yes,” she continued, in an altered tone. “I see it all now. How stupid I have been!”

“See what?” said Bertha, in laughable perplexity, as she looked from window to window, and then with an enquiring eye upon her mother.

“Wait,” said Mrs. Grey, “and you will soon be in the secret. I think the night is so warm we might almost venture to have the barouche open.”

“True,” said Mr. Grey; “an excellent thought. Pull the check-string, Bertha.”

Bertha obeyed; and when the carriage was again in motion, she looked eagerly but vainly on the enlarged prospect, and perceived that Sophia’s eyes were intently fixed upon it also. They moved on at a rapid rate, and Bertha struggled not to ask any more questions, and was at length repaid for her forbearance. On

scending the last and the highest hill into the vale of Merthyr, a prospect presented itself that drew from her almost a scream of mingled terror and admiration. She stood up, and clinging to her mother, gazed with a fascinated eye. Sophia rose too ; but she fixed a steadier look upon the strange and startling scene, and thought she had never beheld any thing so awful.

Beneath them seemed to rise numberless volcanoes, which pouring forth their wreathed pillars of flame and smoke, turned dim beside the intolerable glimpses of vivid light emitted by the furnaces, which gave the idea of the whole country being in flames. The noise of the immense hammers, the deafening hum of the enormous machines and the revolving wheels, the rolling mills and the water-works, united to form a combination of sounds, and a picture so vivid and so novel, that every sense was absorbed in sight. The wrapt gazers drew their breath in sighs, and were unconscious of it. At length the very excitement, in its excess, roused them, and their thoughts found vent in a few brief exclamations of wonder and delight.

“Now,” said Mr. Grey, “the mystery of my conduct is unveiled. This enchanted scene would have lost half its magic had you approached it by daylight. I was, besides, willing to leave you the pleasure of the surprise.”

Many were the attempts the driver made to go on, but he was each time prevented; and when at length permitted, he was ordered to drive very slowly. As they approached the scene more closely, and could discern objects better, they caught a sight of the dark figures of the workmen, on whom the flame threw a momentary glow: there was something unearthly in their appearance; and Bertha rejoiced they were no nearer them.

The noise of the hammers and the machinery became almost deafening; and Bertha, on arriving at the inn, sat down next her mother in bewildered silence, and, on attempting to answer a question, burst into tears.

A judicious mixture of smiles and kindness checked the almost hysterical sobbing in which her over-wrought feelings sought relief; and, after her tea, she was carefully committed to

repose, and enjoined to sleep as long as she could ; an injunction she obeyed so well, that Mr. Grey, Sophia, and Mordaunt had been an hour examining the machinery by daylight, before her eyes were open. She found her mother reading beside her. She was up in a moment ; and, thanking Mrs. Grey for her kindness in staying for her, she hurried over her breakfast, and joined the rest of the party at the entrance of the vale of fire, as she termed the valley where the furnaces were worked. She was too young to enter into the merits of the machinery, and she stood looking eagerly over the vividly gleaming fires ; while Sophia explained to her mother what they had seen. The furnaces at the Cyfortha works are blown by means of a steam-engine of fifty-horse power, and an overshot wheel of equal power. It consumes twenty-five tons of water in a minute ; is made entirely of cast iron ; and cost above four thousand pounds. The water that turns it is brought from a stream in the hills about five miles off, on a platform of wood, which is chiefly supported by stone pillars, except in one place, where it crosses a bridge, on supporters

of wood, for the space of above three hundred yards, and elevated eighty feet above the bed of the river, the whole of which forms a very singular appearance. Many times did Mr. Grey hold his watch up to the party, and tell them they had a long day's journey before them, as he proposed sleeping at Swansea that evening, before he could induce them to bid adieu to a scene at once so novel and so animating. They turned at length, however, and were going forward to view the rail-road, which in summer, when the canal is dry, supplies its place; when they were stopped by a group of persons, who were moving slowly along. As they paused to let them pass, they saw that some accident had happened. A boy, about ten years of age, was laid on a shutter: his smock-frock was red with blood, and his eyes were closed, while his face remained deadly pale. Mordaunt darted forward to enquire what had happened.

"'Tis Tom Jones's son," said one of the workmen. "His leg has been crushed by one of the tram-waggons."

The boy was carried to his own home and laid

upon the bed, where he slowly returned to life, with deep-drawn sighs of severe and overwhelming pain. His father was away at work. His mother was at a little distance, hanging out some clothes she had been washing; and the younger children stood round the bed, with looks of fear and wonder. The poor woman soon came in, and her fluttered looks showed that she had heard of her misfortune; but at sight of her child, lying apparently lifeless before her, she shrieked in sudden agony, and gave vent to all the uncontrolled sorrow of an undisciplined mind.

“Davy! my poor Davy!” she exclaimed, amidst her sobs: “he that went out as gay as a lark this morning; and his father knows nothing of it.” And again she sobbed bitterly.

Bertha gave her tear for tear; but Mrs. Grey and Sophia strove to console her.

“He is recovering,” they said, “gently. There are great hopes he will be spared to you. Try and compose yourself for his sake.”

Mrs. Jones curtsied her thanks, but she still wept in hopeless sorrow; while Mordaunt was endeavouring to assist his father in stopping the

bleeding, from which more was to be feared than the injury itself.

When the little sufferer again sighed deeply, Sophia, though pale and unnerved, stepped forward to hold her smelling bottle to his nose; and the boy was just beginning to recover his consciousness when the surgeon who had been instantly sent for arrived. Mrs. Grey and her daughters withdrew, taking with them the poor mother, whose grief rendered her passive and helpless. It was an anxious moment, and they feared to give false hopes. In ten minutes they were joined by Mordaunt, who told them, in a whisper, that the poor boy's leg must be cut off; that on its being done his life depended; and recommended that the poor woman should be induced to accompany them to the inn, under the plea of receiving assistance, that the operation might be performed in her absence. This was done with as much judgment as kindness. The woman was easily persuaded to walk with them, to procure rag and other necessities; and she remained perfectly ignorant of the suffering her child was about to undergo. In a much shorter

time than they had expected, they were joined by Mr. Grey. The operation had been safely performed, and bravely borne by the child ; and there was every prospect that he would do well. Mrs. Jones was less affected by this intelligence than they had expected. Accidents were, in some measure, familiar to her ; and though she grieved sincerely for the loss of his limb, she accepted the kind consolation offered her, and returned home with less vehemence of sorrow than she had yet shown.

“ Where is Mordaunt ? ” asked Mrs. Grey.

“ Mordaunt,” her husband replied, “ is just now very unnecessarily ashamed of himself. He was present at the operation, though I advised him not. He had no idea of the effects of a first sight of this kind. The moment the incision was made, he dropped as though he had been shot. We carried him into the air, and after a time he recovered. He thinks he has shown great weakness, and is now compelling himself to see the conclusion of this very trying accident. You must expect to see his cheeks of a paler livery than usual.”

“ You will not leave Merthyr to-day, will you, papa ?” said Bertha, coaxingly. “ Let us stay and hear how the poor boy passes the day.”

“ He is in good hands,” said her father ; “ but so much of the day has passed, that I fear, if we pursue our journey now, half of it must be made in the dark. We will, therefore, invite the surgeon to dine with us, and remain for the day.”

Bertha was glad at this arrangement, and she began, on her father’s leaving the room, to pity the mother, who seemed unable to bear up against misfortune.

“ True,” said Mrs. Grey ; “ you saw in that poor woman the effects of undisciplined sorrow in a weak and ill-regulated mind. She gave way to the first transport of her feelings, without attempting to be of the least use to the boy, and consigning him, without a thought, to the care of strangers. Had we been as helpless as she was, the boy might have bled to death.”

Bertha hesitated to condemn her. She remembered how similar her own conduct had been ; she had been unable to give any thing but her tears in the hour of danger ; and she

looked at her mother with an enquiring eye, to see whether she had any latent meaning in what she said.

Mrs. Grey smiled. "My dear Bertha," she said, "you have naturally a very tender heart, and all suffering affects you. Young and inexperienced as you are, inaction may, in some measure, be pardoned; but if you do not struggle against this softness of your nature, it will increase with your years, and render you weak and useless. Presence of mind is a species of moral courage highly becoming in a woman. All overwhelming emotion which occupies us more with our own feelings, than the sufferings of others, has its source in selfishness. Women are called upon to go through many trials: they are the chief solace of a sick room, and must, to be really useful to others, often repress their own feelings for the sake of the sufferer. If the accidents which befall those who are indifferent to you, are so acutely felt, how would you bear a similar misfortune if it happened to those you love? Struggle against this tenderness of temper. The liveliness of your disposition makes

your imagination too active, and you paint the evil worse even than it is. There is a spring in the human mind, which enables it to support inevitable pain or sorrow. This is mercifully ordained by Providence. The agitations of hope and fear are harder to bear than the most dreadful certainty."

Bertha promised her mother that she would do her very best to conquer the exuberance of her feelings: and, at dinner-time, the surgeon gave them an excellent report of his patient.

"You find the poor people, I imagine," said Mr. Grey, "better patients than the rich, in such cases as these."

"They generally," he replied, "bear pain uncommonly well; and so do the better class—the one, from a certain hardihood of nerve; the other, from a higher principle of moral courage. But here the resemblance ends. The poor get rapidly well, while the affluent patient lingers long in weakness and pain. The fact is, that the poor are less disposed to inflammation, from a plainer diet; and that they derive, generally speaking, positive benefit from the rest which they enjoy."

“And,” said Mr. Grey, “the imagination of a rich man is too active : the mind impedes the cure. Nothing of this kind is felt by the poor, or militates against their recovery : they have few ideas ; and those not acting powerfully on the mind, they lie in a quiescent, passive state, free from all excitement, and highly conducive to their recovery.”

“True,” said the surgeon ; “but, in this part of the world, they have some singular notions as to their being destined for life or death, which often positively occasions a premature dissolution, when they might easily have been saved.”

“I do not quite comprehend what you mean,” said Mrs. Grey ; “will you have the goodness to explain yourself more fully?”

“I will tell you, madam, a circumstance which occurred here not long ago, and which will explain fully what I mean. I was called in to see a man who had his leg miserably crushed above the knee. The only thing that could have saved him was instant amputation ; but he refused to submit to it. He did not shrink from the operation from a dread of pain, but from an idea that

if he was ordained for life, he would recover with his leg in the crushed state it was; and that if he were ordained to die, nothing—no effort of human skill—could save him. In vain we reasoned with him. The man was as calm and as composed as I am; and a brave, fearless character. Mr. Crawshay, his master, added his entreaties to mine; and finding these of no avail, he declared that the operation should be performed, whether he consented or not, hoping to frighten him into submission. But the persuasion of Davis was not to be shaken. ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘I am not in a situation to oppose force to force, but I am perfectly capable of judging what is best for myself; and if you take off my leg against my consent, the consequences be on your head.’ We consulted together, and finally determined not to take off the leg without his consent, as it was very probable that he would fret over it so much, that the wound would never heal, and his death would then have been imputed to us. He lived five days after, retaining his calmness and his courage to the last. I saw him the day before he died: he was then sensible

that there was no hope for him. I asked him if he did not regret his conduct, and wish he had been less obstinate. ‘No, sir,’ he replied: ‘it has pleased God to ordain me for death, and no skill could have saved me;’ and in that mistaken persuasion he died.”

“It is truly astonishing,” said Mr. Grey; “for did he not take his daily food to preserve life? Had he neglected these means, would he, did he think, have been ordained to live so long.”

“I made the same observation to him,” said the surgeon, “and pointed out that surgical skill was a means ordained by Providence to preserve life, as much as food was intended to answer that purpose. But he would not see the analogy; and his understanding, clear and competent enough on other points, was on this inaccessible to reason.”

“Do you find,” said Mrs. Grey, “that this opinion is general?”

“Very general, amongst the Welsh poor. They have little to lose, and life sits looser upon them than their richer neighbours. The total absence of imagination makes them look at every

thing in its most simple and unadorned form. Reality does not frighten them as it does us ; and hence, I apprehend, arises their extreme calmness when death approaches themselves or those they love."

Mr. Grey agreed to the truth of this remark ; and the conversation then turned upon the character of the Welsh people in general. Mr. Turner spoke of them as differing greatly in different parts of the country. In the heart of the Welsh counties, where English was not spoken, they were, he said, exceedingly abject in their manners to their superiors, and consequently exceedingly insincere. There was, he remarked, little dependence to be placed upon them ; and though in the south of Wales they lived much better than many of the poor people in England, yet they were discontented, and prodigal of what means they had. Their litigiousness, he said, was beyond all imagination ; and, upon the whole, he seemed to think that their general feeling to strangers was not in their favour. The character of the people of the north of Wales was very different : there they retained a simplicity quite unknown in the south.

The two gentlemen then entered into the agriculture of the country ; and Mordaunt and his sisters took advantage of the fineness of the evening to walk out and catch a glimpse of the distant fires, and hear the faint reverberation of the hammers and the water-mills. When they returned, the surgeon was gone ; and, having heard a favourable report of the poor boy, they retired to rest.

While they were at breakfast the next morning, the father of Owen Davis called. He expressed himself exceedingly grateful for the kindness shown to his child, whom he spoke of as having slept tolerably well all night, though he had asked for water whenever he woke.

Mr. Grey gave him a sovereign to buy some tea and other necessaries for him ; and in half an hour after they were on their road to Swansea.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the carriage had driven on some time and no one seemed inclined to talk, Bertha became impatient of the silence, and called upon Sophia to tell her something to amuse her. "What are you reading so attentively?" she said; "Is it any thing that will amuse me?"

"Yes," said Sophia, "I have just come to an anecdote that would entertain you very much. It is a story about a bear and a child. Shall I read it to you?"

"Do! do!" said Bertha, eagerly; and her sister read as follows:—

"Leopold Duke of Lorraine had a bear, called Morco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which we have the following remarkable instance. During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to

perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good-natured woman, with four of his companions, thought proper to enter Morco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran, in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Morco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until the next morning, when he suffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat; and it added not a little to his joy to perceive that the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner, without the servants knowing any thing of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came one day to bring the bear his supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of awakening the child, whom he clasped to his breast. The animal, though

very hungry, did not seem the least moved by the food set before it. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Morco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld, with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke ; was very much ashamed to find himself discovered ; and, fearing that he would be punished for his rashness, begged pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavoured to prevail upon him to eat what had been brought to him the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators who conducted him to the prince. Having learned the whole of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered the little Savoyard to be taken care of ; and he would doubtless have made his fortune had he not died a short time after."

" Oh ! what a pity he died !" said Bertha, whose attention had been strongly excited. " Is

it not very wonderful that so savage an animal as a bear should have so much good-nature ?”

“ I think,” said her mother, “ that many similar stories are related of bears, which proves that they possess a rough good-nature, in spite of their formidable appearance.”

“ All animals, I believe,” said Sophia, “ are susceptible of kind feelings to individuals to whom they take a fancy. The lion is said to be very much alive to generous feelings ; the elephant is readily tamed ; tigers are domesticated by the Indian Fakirs ; snakes are said to take attachment to different individuals ; and even geese and buzzards, the most unsentimental of birds, have attached themselves, with the warmest affection, to man.”

“ I remember, when I was in Paris,” said Mrs. Grey, “ seeing an exhibition of all sorts of animals and birds, whom a man had trained to some peculiar trick or movement. There were in that collection almost all the domestic fowls, with a variety of foreign birds. In a conversation I had with the man, who was a great curiosity in his way, he told me that the only bird

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which had baffled all his skill, and which he had been unable to teach any thing, was a turkey."

"I can believe it," said Sophia; "it is so very stupid. Do you remember, Bertha, last year, when we tried to rear those young turkeys, how very foolish the mother-bird was, and how much trouble she gave us?"

"I do; and how sorry we were that we were obliged to let her be with them, in order to keep them warm. But I thought geese were the most silly birds."

"A goose," said Mr. Grey, "has, I assure you, great sensibility; it will pine and starve itself to death if its companion be taken from it; and is, I think, a very unjustly aspersed bird in modern times. It was, you remember, more honoured in Rome, after it had saved the Capitol. Anciently, many virtues were ascribed to the lion, of which greater observation has deprived him. His generosity I hold to be a fable. He is of the cat tribe, of which cunning is the principal character. His great bodily strength, and being sometimes met with after he had gorged himself, and had no present inclination to food, was

probably the origin of a too favourable report of him. The ancients were apt to attribute moral qualities to great physical strength."

"It is good to have a giant's strength, but not to use it as a giant," said Sophia. "Did not Aristotle, sir, devote himself to the study of animals? and were not immense sums furnished him by Alexander the Great for that purpose?"

"He did; and his essay upon the subject, which is still extant, proves the extraordinary powers of his mind. It is still, in its general features, a most faithful and accurate delineation of their habits."

Here they were interrupted by Mordaunt. "We are coming," he said, "to a perfect Pandemonium: it will require all your courage to venture through it. We are on the borders of Morris Town."

As they passed through the place, their opinion differed little from that of Mordaunt. The stifling smoke, the blazing furnaces, the din and the dirt, were appalling; and as the boats slowly made their way up the canal, and shot through the arch, the half-darkened, half-illuminated

figures of the women who drew them, made them look almost like furies, as they pulled the ropes that urged on the boat.

“The softer sex,” said Mordaunt, “are not always seen to advantage,” and, leaning from the coach-box as he uttered this sarcasm, he refused to attend to all Bertha’s or Sophia’s replies.

Wearied and hungry, they arrived at Swansea at a late hour, and found that even there they perceived the smoke of Morris Town.

“It is said not to be unhealthy,” observed Mr. Grey. “Mr. Crawshay told me at Merthyr, that the copper-works had some singular influence on consumptive people; and that men who came to work there with that tendency gradually recovered.”

“Is there much to be seen in Swansea?” asked Bertha. “Have we not heard a great deal of the Bay?”

“It has,” replied her mother, “been compared to that of Naples. To-morrow we shall judge of it; at present I think we shall all be glad of rest.”

Swansea is a pleasant, well-built town, as the

“ Guide ” says; and by daylight the next day all the party were inclined to be of its opinion. The streets were clean, and the shops respectable. It was market-day, and crowded to excess. The country people, in their peculiar costume; the farmers’ wives and daughters, in all the dignity of their station, on horseback; the number of the carts and the waggon; and the immense quantities of poultry exhibited in the market, presented a very lively, animating scene.

“ I should not have thought,” remarked Sophia, “ that the population of Swansea would have required so large a supply of provisions.”

“ It is not consumed wholly by the town,” said her father. “ Morris Town gets its provisions from it; and so do the people at Oystermouth, five miles off, and many of the adjacent villages. Sometimes also there is a considerable fleet in the harbour, or near it. It is a place of great trade. Within these twenty years all the copper from the Irish mines has been sent here for sale. It has large dealings in lime, coals, iron, brass, tin, and earthenware; which employ, I am told, one thousand nine hundred vessels annually.

The quantity of coal consumed amounts to one hundred and fourteen thousand chaldrons. It trades with London, Bristol, Cornwall, and Ireland; and within these few years it has traded with the Baltic and the West Indies."

"Is there much of the old castle remaining?" asked Mrs. Grey. "The square tower has an imposing effect from here."

"You see nearly the best of it," said Mr. Grey: "the rest is concealed from the eye by the houses over it. The old mansion-house of the lords of the manor has been used as a warehouse and stables, and had over the gate the arms of William Earl of Pembroke. That part of the town is now nearly empty. I think you might make a pretty sketch, if you liked, Sophia, keeping the river Taw in the foreground, with some of its vessels."

They walked up accordingly to Castle-street, and stood by her side while she completed it; and they then went to see the pottery belonging to Mr. Haynes. It is chiefly for coarse ware; but was very entertaining to Bertha, who had never seen any thing like it before. The rapidity

with which tea-pots and cups and saucers rose under the fingers of the workmen, was very entertaining to her ; and when Mordaunt at length coaxed her to take a walk with him to the pier, she quitted the pottery with regret. She wanted to try whether she could do any thing like it herself; and was half inclined, Mordaunt said, to go back and make the attempt. The tide was coming in as they reached the end of the pier; and the sea looked so calm, that a general wish arose to take a boat and sail across to Oystermouth ; from whence, they were told, they would have the finest view of Swansea Bay. They were not long in procuring one ; and they set off in great spirits. The water was scarcely ruffled by a breeze, and its tint was of the deepest blue. A sail was put up to catch the favouring breeze, and they rapidly advanced. The first object they saw was the light-house, which seemed to stand almost alone in the sea. Then appeared the Mumble Point; and gradually, the whole village of Oystermouth lay before them. It is situated at the base of a high cliff, which in summer is covered with foliage half way up its summit. On

Lwansa Bay & Town.

Page 208



Page 278

Newtown Barry.

the right was the church, and beyond a row of houses newer than the rest. The aspect and situation of this village pleased them so much, that they determined, if they could find accommodation, to pass a day or two there. One house only was vacant, and it was small and homely, beyond what might have been expected: however, their stay was so short that it was not worth while for them to be nice; so they determined to remain. Their next object was to see the castle, a fine ruin situated on a hill. It was shown to them by the wife of the schoolmaster.

“This castle was destroyed,” said Mr. Grey, “by Oliver Cromwell, and was at that time in its full strength, as the remains show.”

One room was pointed out by their guide as what was called the Ladies’ Dressing-room. It was low and dark, with a very thick, short column supporting the roof.

“What could have given rise to the name?” said Bertha.

“Nothing, Miss, I believe,” said the woman who showed it to them, “but some pins being stuck into the part around this pillow. Per-

haps I can find you one." She sought a long time in vain, but at length she succeeded in producing one, much to the amusement of the party.

The woman, who was a tidy little Welsh-woman, took a fancy to Bertha, and for her amusement proceeded to tell her a very amusing circumstance that had happened there some years ago. "A cow, which in the summer-time grazed in the grass-grown court below, went for shelter during the heat of the day into the spiral staircase, and ascending a few steps, it was supposed that she was unable to turn; for she gradually got up to the top, not without imminent hazard of her neck, and there she was seen by some sailors in the Bay, looking from the castle-wall. She was, after a time, let down safely with ropes into the court-yard; but those who saw her, said she was so sensible of her danger, that tears were rolling down her face."

"Tears!" said Bertha; "real tears?"

"Yes, tears Miss, I do assure you: them dumb creatures feel as much as we do."

"The stag," said Sophia, "is reported to weep

Mumbles Castle & Oystermouth.

Page 103



Page 101

Swansea Castle.

in the hour of danger ;" and she repeated Shakespeares lines, in " As You Like It."

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt
Did come to languish ; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

" I should like to have seen that cow," said Mordaunt, " like a sort of living weathercock on the castle-walls. But I see nothing particularly interesting in this ruin. When was it built, Sophy ?"

" In Henry the First's time, by the Earl of Warwick ; and this is the room where Cromwell slept the night before he destroyed the castle."

" And slept well, I'll engage," said Mordaunt. " Come, shall we walk ? There is a beautiful view from the knoll of grass before the entrance gate."

Mr. and Mrs. Grey sat down by Sophia while

she stretched, and Mordant and Bertha walked down to see the oyster-beds. They found two or three fishermen on the spot, who explained to them the way in which the oysters are taken, though they were not then in season.

"They are caught, master," said one of them, "with iron nets, such as you may have seen hanging before the cottage-doors."

"I did," said Bertha, "and wondered what they were for."

"It's hard work, I assure you, Miss; they clings so hard to the rock, and we goes a long way for them—out beyond that point there, wet or dry, rain or shine."

"How many may you gather at once?"

"Sometimes we gets three thousand, sometimes less—it's all a chance—and sometimes nothing at all."

"And what do you sell them for?"

"A shilling a hundred, fresh; and two shillings when pickled. Our greatest enemy is the cold."

"Do they die in the frost?"

"Yes, we have sometimes lost ten thousand a

night. If they are under water, they will do very well ; but when the tide leaves them they are frozen. Each boat unloads in this place ; and each make a little mark of stones, to know their own. At high tide they are under the water, at low tide they are not."

" And what do you do in the summer ?" asked Bertha, " when you can catch no oysters ?"

" We work at the lime-stone, and quarry it."

" And do all the people do the same ?"

" Yes, we have all pretty near the same business ; but there are too many hands. Bless you ! I can remember when there wern't ten cottages in the place, and no road at all from Swansea to Oystermouth."

" Did you think yourself well off in those times ?" asked Bertha, with a smile.

" Why, pretty well, Miss," said the man, resuming his piece of tobacco, and which he removed again to thank her for the shilling she gave him.

Bertha left him with the impression that he was badly off ; but on mentioning the conversation to her father, he assured her she was

mistaken. "The oyster trade," he said, "may be precarious and full of hardships ; but a man with a boat will earn a guinea a week, perhaps more, and that in the worst season of the year ; and those who have no boat will earn never less than fourteen, and often sixteen shillings. They generally have meat every day, and live in profusion while their means last. They never think of laying aside money for an evil day, or of eating more frugal fare. The consequence is, they live between the extremes of want and plenty. Much of the distress felt so severely by the manufacturers in England, has arisen from the same cause. While they were in the enjoyment of excellent wages, they spent it all, instead of laying by a portion, as they could well afford to do. When they ceased to have employment, they were not only poor, but with habits and inclinations that would hardly have become persons who had a certain independence. Little by little their clothes and their furniture were pawned to procure the necessaries of life ; while those who had put a portion of their earnings into the savings'-banks were enabled to subsist

frugally, but independent of the parish, till better times came round. In this part of Wales, all the people live well. They can afford to buy mutton or beef at least twice a week. Butter and bacon are parts of their daily food; and want is unknown, except amongst the very poor and the helpless."

"Mother," said Bertha, "as I passed hastily up the village, I saw a poor woman lying upon straw, and looking very wretched. Would you go down with me, and see her?"

Mrs. Grey readily complied. After some little difficulty they found the cottage; for the open door was Bertha's only guide, and it was now closed. Upon at length discovering it, it proved to be the village poor-house. The sufferer lay partly sensible and partly not. She was attended by another poor woman, almost as old as herself. To her credit, however, the poor helpless creature was tolerably clean and neat, and the house was tidy. They gave what relief they thought most acceptable, in the shape of tea and sugar; and departed amidst a halo of blessings. As they left the cottage, they were surprised to see a

group of sailors hurrying along, some with spy-glasses; all evidently under a strong excitement. Vain was all question; they walked on unheeding; and the curiosity of Bertha and Mrs. Grey was at its height, when they were joined by the rest of the party, who had just learned the intelligence they were so eager to hear.

“A ship is said to be run aground in Caswell Bay,” said Mr. Grey; “and great fears are entertained for her safety. Would you like to walk there? We are all, I think, equal to the task.”

There was no dissenting voice, and they set forward; Mordaunt's impatience carrying him on so rapidly as to place him soon out of sight. The walk was uncommonly pretty. They ascended rather a steep hill to Newton; and from thence they had a beautiful view of the Bay; the distant hills near Swansea, with the white lime of its houses; the castle of Oystermouth; the Mumble Point and the village; and the rich foreground of variegated moss and fern. They were so anxious, however, to reach the ship, that they could not stop to admire it long; and as the

The Shipwreck.

Page 111



Page 94

Morco & the Savoyard.

London, Published by Harvey & Darton, 1831.

increased number of persons told them they were near the place, they looked eagerly for some vestige of a vessel. Caswell, however, was so singularly situated, that until they were actually arrived they saw nothing. Upon turning, however, an abrupt corner of the rocky defile, the Bay burst upon their view. Its once solitary sands were crowded with people; and beyond lay the ship, impaled, as it were, upon a sharp rock, and the breakers washing over it with tremendous violence. All paused. Human beings were seen on the deck; and even children were discerned. But there seemed no hope for them. The shore was exceedingly dangerous; and as the vessel lay between two rocks, the approach to it was very hazardous.

“Can you not save them?” said Sophia, eagerly, to a sailor who stood by. “You will not let them perish?”

The man stared at her, but gave no answer.

“See! see!” said Bertha, “a boat is even now pushing from the shore;” but the next moment her face grew deadly pale. She pressed her mother’s hand, and fixed her eyes, in agony,

upon the lessening boat ; for Mordaunt was in the stern.

“ Speak to him, father ! mother ! Save him, or he will perish ! ”

Her feelings were too generally shared, for any of the party to speak immediately. Even Mr. Grey felt an emotion he could not wholly overcome ; but he could look the evil firmly in the face ; and even when he spoke, his eyes were fixed intently on the boat.

“ It is close to the vessel,” he said. “ They fling out a rope.” He paused, and the next moment there was a general cry from the shore. Bertha looked wildly round, but the boat was no longer to be seen : it had capsized.

There was a rush to the water's edge. Bertha remembered the sea sweeping half over her, unregarded and unfeared ; she felt a struggle with some one who detained her ; and then all was a blank, till she woke to consciousness again, and found herself in Mordaunt's arms. It was long before she knew why she felt so surprised to see him—long before the recollection of the past came fully upon her. She was still on the

beach, as wet as her brother, who knelt beside her. But how had it all been, and who were the strangers about her? Where were her mother, Sophy, and her father?

“And sure, Miss, they’re, saving the poor drowned creatures, when they seed you *tuk* out of the sea.”

“Are they saved?” asked Bertha; and then turning her eyes to the sea, she saw the vessel in the same awful situation, and the past, in all its frightful reality, came full upon her mind.

“Now, Bertha,” said Mordaunt, “be calm;” while his own heart swelled as he recollected the proof of her affection she had given him. “We are all well; the children and the women saved; and the men can come on shore when they please. The boat was overturned by an accident; but we were clinging to the ropes, and there was no danger. One of the men seized an oar, righted it, and we succeeded in getting all the helpless ones away.”

“Oh! Mordaunt, how could you venture?” And her feelings stopped her.

“My dear little girl, who would stand by idle,

when they can help another? I can swim, you know, like a fish. The only real danger was one you never thought of—the concealed rocks, against which I might have been thrown. I saved the prettiest little baby in the world. Shall I bring it you? It smiled as I untied it from the mast, to which it was lashed?”

He ran off to fetch it, and brought it back to Bertha undressed and wrapped in a warm shawl. Bertha, fondled it, with tears in her eyes, and thought how much it might have cost her. She longed to see her family; and when Mr. Grey approached, she laid the child on the pebbles, and threw herself into his arms. He kissed and embraced her fondly.

“It was a fearful scene,” he said, after a pause. “We were scarcely less alarmed than you were. We cannot be too grateful. God has been very merciful to us, my dear child.”

Bertha could only reply by her tears: her heart was full; and by way of diverting her thoughts, Mr. Grey led her to the house where the poor shipwrecked persons were receiving every attention. The mother of the children

was faint, bewildered, and stunned by the intense suffering of so many hours. The children, half dressed, and rejoicing in their liberty, were at play, with the happy unconsciousness of infancy; and two female passengers, having dried themselves, were composedly enquiring for tea, and bearing their reverses with an apathy that was any thing but amiable. Bertha was fondly greeted by Mrs. Grey and Sophia. They had suffered as much almost as those they were attending; and they looked pale and harassed. Mrs. Grey saw the children in one bed, and the mother in another with the baby; and, having administered a cordial, retired gladly to the quiet and the privacy of their own lodgings. Here each composed their feelings, and each found that the intensity of their sufferings could not be surpassed. Bertha had no recollection of rushing into the sea, in the wild hope of saving her brother; and she coloured when seriously assured she had done so.

“ I knew not what I did,” she said: “ my heart seemed broken. I had no reason left. Oh! mother, it was a horrible moment. Let us

thank God that we are happy now." With these sentiments they parted for the night, and met in renovated spirits in the morning.

But an unexpected shock awaited them. The poor woman was found dead by the side of her sleeping baby. The fright and the exhaustion had been too much for her. The ship had parted in the night, the sailors were drunk, the captain asleep, and the cabin-boy alone escaped to tell of it. This intelligence was imprudently imparted to her, on her enquiring what was the cause of the people being called up in the night, and she never spoke more. The Greys were exceedingly shocked, and regretted that she had been left in such imprudent hands. They took the most generous pains to provide for the orphan family; and Mordaunt insisted upon adopting the little baby, and Bertha promised to make its clothes. They staid to place the children in safe hands, and then proceeded, with saddened spirits, on their journey.

The unfortunate issue of the shipwreck at Caswell Bay, threw a damp upon their spirits; and though it often formed the subject of their

conversation, it was always attended with feelings of pain.

Bertha, indeed, never reverted to it without such visible distress that Mrs. Grey changed the subject almost as soon as it was mentioned, and sought, by diverting her attention, to restore the cheerfulness and serenity of her mind. She wisely dreaded for her child all excitement. When they stopped at the inns, she drew her out to see villages and talk to the people, and strove by every means in her power to calm her flurried spirits. She had sent her with Mordaunt to buy some very fine-looking apples; and she came back with the only real hearty laugh she had heard from her since the accident at Caswell. Mordaunt was vociferous in his mirth, so that Bertha had the whole story to herself, and told it with great spirit.

“When we got into the shop, we found,” she said, “several persons there; one woman had a boy’s jacket in her hand, and was objecting to what she called a *bumble* in the back. The workwoman declared she could not perceive it, and they began to quarrel. In the course of their

altercation, one reproached the other with being so *nasy*,* she would not bear it ; and Mordaunt says that it is a common expression amongst them, and means impudence or assurance.

“ While they were thus disputing, an old deaf rabbit-woman put in her head at the door, and asked if they wanted rabbits or rabbit-skins.

“ No !” they said.

“ And I hav’nt sold one this blessed day,” said the poor woman.

The woman behind the counter said, “ Have you been up to Mrs. Jenkins ? She wants one.”

“ Mrs. Williams ?” said the rabbit-woman : she is not at home.”

Mrs. Jenkins was repeated in a louder key.

“ The Dunn,†” said the deaf woman : “ they will not want any till next week.”

“ Mrs. Jenkins !” roared the impatient shop-keeper.

“ Mrs. Knight ? She won’t have any.”

“ Mrs. Jenkins !” was now resounded into her very ear-drum.

* Impertinent.

† The name of part of a village, situated higher than the rest.

“Oh ! Mrs. Jenkins : to be sure, I’ll go there.”

Every one laughed heartily at this story ; and by the time they arrived at Caermarthen, all felt the cheering influence of new scenes and fine weather.

The town of Caermarthen is prettily situated, lying in a sort of amphitheatre, with the river in front. Here the monument to General Picton, situated on the high road leading out of the town, attracted their attention ; and Mordaunt paid it that tribute of sincere admiration which young and ardent minds are so apt to feel at the memorials of departed valour. The monument itself is very inelegant. The ornaments are of plaster of Paris, coarsely blacked over, several of which were broken off, and showed the white fracture. It was distressing to see any thing like such early decay in a monument dedicated to such a purpose.

Their next stage was Cold Blow, a place that all agreed was well named : the panes of glass were out of the windows ; the doors would not shut ; and they had hardly any thing to eat.

The people themselves, however, were obliging and hospitable ; and their kindness of heart was proved by the care they were taking of a child that had been starved. It was about four years old, but so miserably wasted away as to be unable to walk. Its little face had a look of care that was grievous to see ; and its wasted hands and emaciated limbs, its feeble voice, and face that looked all eyes, told how much it had suffered. It was fed perpetually, but in very moderate quantities ; and as it lay in its cradle by the fire, it turned its large eyes upon all who came in, with a look of intelligence beyond its years.

“ Suffering, in children,” said Mrs. Grey, “ often sharpens the intellect ; but it is a melancholy sagacity it gives. I suppose the mother drank.”

“ Yes, ma’am ; she was often drunk for days together, and used to shut up this here babe in a garret, and quite forget her. The poor little soul, when discovered, had begun to eat its fingers.”*

* This is a fact.

The young people often went to look at the child and see it fed; but Mrs. Grey felt so much pain on seeing it, that she did not accompany them, though she made the good woman of the house happy by bestowing, at their departure, a liberal donation on the poor little sufferer.

When they were once more seated in the carriage, on their road to Tenby, Bertha asked how long it was possible to live without food, before death ensued.

“It must greatly depend,” said her father, “upon the constitution of the person. Some have been known to linger seven, and eight, and even ten days—others have died in three. The principle of life is much more tenacious in some persons than in others.”

“And animals, papa, do they live longer, or die sooner, than man, under the effects of famine?”

“I can hardly answer your question, my dear; for when animals have been starved to death, it has generally been from some accident, and the precise time of their death has not been known. I remember, when I was a boy, catching some small

gudgeons, and putting them in my pocket. I was surprised, on my return home, to find them alive: I threw them into a small bath we had in the house, lined with tin, and which had water in it. I forgot them entirely; and, shortly after, I went to school, and never remembered the gudgeons till I again came home for the holidays. It was then Christmas. I went accidentally into the room where the bath was, and which had never been touched. There I saw, to my great surprise, the two gudgeons, lamentably thin indeed, but they had subsisted all that time on the water alone, which was very scanty fare for them."

"Do you remember, Sophia," said Bertha, "that bat I had, which certainly appeared to live several days without food; for when I first had it, I did not know how to treat it."

"But it flew about the room," said Sophia; "and, I am certain, fed upon the flies which were at that time in abundance. It could not live so long without eating."

"The bat," said Mr. Grey, "though made perfectly blind by accident or deliberate cruelty, has an extraordinary faculty of guiding itself

through the most complicated and winding passages, without striking against the walls ; and it avoids, with great dexterity, cords, branches of trees, and other obstacles, placed by design, in their way. Spallanzani was the first person who discovered in them this extreme sagacity."

" And to what is it attributed ?" said Sophia.

" Some persons have thought," replied Mr. Grey, " that it was some peculiar and unknown sense bestowed upon the creature for its security ; but it has been more justly accounted for on principles which are known to guide and affect blind people. It is supposed to arise from an extreme delicacy of feeling in the wing, which presents to the air an enormous surface, in proportion to the size of the animal, and is covered with an exquisitely fine net-work of nerves. It is, therefore, supposed that in the action of flying, the air, when struck by a wing so well adapted to its office, impresses a sensation of heat, cold, or resistance, which directs the bat to avoid any object that would obstruct its flight, just as you may have seen a blind person perceive a door, or

a wall, by the difference of the resistance of the air, without the assistance of touch."

"How wonderful," said Mrs. Grey, "is the economy of the natural world! The fitness of the means employed to obtain the end in view, excites our perpetual admiration. Instinct often equals and even surpasses our gift of reason."

"Mamma," said Bertha, "will you tell me what *instinct* is? I never rightly understood it."

"The celebrated Dr. Paley defined it to be a propensity prior to experience. It is that unreasoning faculty by which animals seek the food proper for them, and avoid that which would injure them. They appear to have no choice, but are directed by an infallible guide, implanted in them by the God who made them. The variations in this faculty in the animal kingdom are very extraordinary, and the connexion between the animal and vegetable kingdom intimate in the extreme. We have animals that almost seem as insensible as flowers or vegetables, and whose vital properties require minute examination to ascertain. All zoophites are of this class; and



The Newfoundland Dog.

Page 323



The Eagle & the Mother.

Page 324

the sea anemone may readily be mistaken for a plant, rising higher in the scale of created beings. We have wild and domestic animals that seem endued with reasoning powers. The attachment, sagacity, and courage of the dog, make him one of the best friends of man."

"One of the sailors at Oystermouth," said Mr. Grey, "was telling me an extraordinary instance of sagacity in a Newfoundland dog. During a severe storm, a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched, with great attention, for every thing that came from the wrecked vessel,

seizing hold of them, and endeavouring to bring them to land."

"What a wonderful instance of sagacity," said Sophia, "did this animal show! But I think I was more affected by that related in the account of the discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum."

"Tell me," said Bertha: "I never heard it. Is it long?"

"No," said her sister, "it is very short. In digging up the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which were overwhelmed by the lava thrown up in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the skeleton of a dog was found, stretched over the body of a child ten or twelve years old. It was conjectured by those who superintended the workmen, that this dog, from his position, was attempting to save his young master, at the moment of the dreadful catastrophe that destroyed the city. From an inscription that is preserved in the gallery of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, it appears that a dog, whose name was Delta, belonged to a man called Severinus, whose life he had saved on three different occasions: first, by

dragging him out of the sea when nearly drowned; again, by driving off four robbers who attacked him unawares; and the third time, by destroying a she-wolf, which was near tearing Severinus in pieces, on account of his having taken her cubs from her, in a grove, sacred to Diana, near Herculaneum. After these exploits, Delta attached himself particularly to the only son of Severinus, followed him wherever he went, and would take no food but what he received from the hands of the child. The inscription places the existence of the dog beyond all doubt, amounting to a proof, that the faithful animal would not forsake his young master; and when he found it impossible to save him, like a servant of unshaken fidelity, shared his fate."

"Oh!" said Bertha, "if ever I have a dog, I will call it Delta;" and her eyes glistened as she spoke. "I love a generous action: do not you, mother?"

Mrs. Grey smiled, and kissed in silence the glowing cheek of the eager little girl.

"You do not love cats then!" said her father. She shook her head.

“ They are in general sly, revengeful, and insincere; yet is there one story on record that redeems their character. Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, the friend and companion of the Earl of Essex in his fatal insurrection, after he had been confined in the Tower a short time, was agreeably surprised by a visit from his favourite cat, which, according to tradition, having found her way thither, descended the chimney of his apartment, and seated herself by her master. A picture is in possession of the Duchess of Portland, at Bulstrode, of this nobleman in a black dress and cloak, with the faithful animal at his side. But here we are at Tenby, and our stories must now come to a conclusion. Tenby, or, as the Welsh call it, Dinbych, is singularly situated on the steep ascent of a long and narrow rock, with the bay on one side, and the western coast on the other, being only divided by a narrow tract of land, occasionally overflowed by the sea. The lofty spire of the church, and the mingled view of the rocks, the woods, and the houses, conspire to give the traveller a most agreeable impression on entering the town. The

castle stands on the right hand, but looks more like a gentleman's seat than one of the remains of antiquity. Its walls are exceedingly thick, and built with stones of a large size."

The young people were delighted with the sands; and while Sophia was gathering sea-weed, Mordaunt and Bertha were acting the part of Canute, and while standing on the brink of the waves, forbade them to advance. Mrs. Grey watched them with a secret joy; and their gay laughter, as each in turn got wet, was to her ear the sweetest music she could hear. Sophia entered into her mother's feelings, and saw, with delight, the more natural spirits and less feverish expression of Bertha's countenance; and as they walked arm in arm together, they felt a happy, grateful, placid feeling, that they often looked back upon with pleasure.

The inn at Tenby is remarkably good: its cleanliness, and the extreme attention and kindness of the mistress, made them, as Bertha said, put a red cross against it in their list.

They reached Haverfordwest the next morning to breakfast, and were a good deal appalled

by the extreme steepness of the streets. The town is placed on the top of an abrupt hill, and the streets slope from it to the haven. It is a town of great commerce. The sessions are held there; and it may be considered the county town.

When the carriage drove up to the inn, they were astonished to see the extraordinary influx of company that it seemed to enjoy. Carriages, full of well-dressed people, were perpetually driving up; and the whole town seemed engaged solely in amusement. The four horses excited some attention, however, even in the midst of the general bustle; and to Mordaunt's enquiry, the waiter replied, that it was the custom of the corporation to give a public breakfast annually, and that the anniversary was then celebrating.

"I suppose we cannot, in that case, be accommodated," said Mr. Grey.

"I will see, sir."

After a little delay he returned, accompanied by a gentleman, who politely announced himself as one of the directors of the fête, and requested that the travellers would favour them by appear-

ing at it. None of the party seemed averse to this measure; and, after exchanging cards, he offered his arm to Mrs. Grey, and conducted them to the public room. There they were not long in finding acquaintance. Sir Benjamin Grey, a relation of their family, was the first person they met, and they rejoiced to see him. Some knew them by name and character, others they knew in a similar manner. They were met with kind politeness, and thought themselves fortunate in having arrived as they did. Sophia had the gratification of hearing a blind harper play, and she was satisfied though it was not Llewellyn. They afterwards walked to the ruins of an abbey, which extend a considerable way by the side of the hill. Sir Benjamin accompanied them, and pointed out whatever was worthy of notice. "Haverfordwest," he said, "was once fortified with walls, and had the further safety of towers upon the walls. It had formerly an outer gate, two portcullis, and an inner gate; but it is supposed that all these were destroyed in the time of Cromwell. This town," he continued, "is very ancient, being built by Gilbert Earl of Clare, in the reign of Stephen; and the

shell of an extensive castle commanding the town may still be seen."

"I believe," said Mr. Grey, "that it is on the western stream of the Cleddau that the town is built. Is it navigable for ships of large burden?"

"No, it is not; but for vessels of small size it is navigable as high as the bridge: such as are chiefly required in an inland trade."

"And what ruins are those north of the river?" asked Mordaunt, smiling at Sophia. "My sister has a passion for decayed houses."

"There are the remains," said Sir Benjamin, "of an ancient family-seat, formerly occupied by a family of the name of Prendergast. The last descendant of that family went with Earl Strongbow to Ireland."

"The population of Pembrokeshire," observed Mr. Grey, "is chiefly, I think, of Flemish origin; and appears to me to offer a strong contrast to that of Glamorganshire."

"You think us less neat, and less careful of the exterior. The antiquity of the cottages there is a very strong feature of the county; and there

is little doubt that many of them are as ancient as the castles to which they are attached. The painted door-ways and windows sufficiently show their date. These ancient Gothic cottages have a venerable exterior, and a portion of interior room, with so complete a security against the elements, as is rarely enjoyed by their equals in other parts."

"And they are so clean," said Mrs. Grey: "the inside and out so carefully whitewashed; and even the stone before the door partakes of the attention. Such careful cleanliness must ensure health."

"It does," replied Sir Benjamin. "These cottages are constructed of stone, well laid in mortar, and universally thatched with wheat-straw; while the continued predilection of the Pembrokeshire people for mud-walls, with round wattles, and daubed chimneys, is really surprising: and this too after a lapse of six hundred years."

"Is not Gower, a small district in Glamorganshire," said Sophia, timidly, "of the same Flemish origin?"

“Yes, but in this point they differ from their Pembroke relatives—they do not retain the Flemish cottage. In all other points they differ materially from the Welsh, who call Gower, and part of Pembrokeshire, ‘little England beyond Wales;’ because their language and manners are still different from the Welsh, and in speech they most resemble the English. The descendants of the west of Pembrokeshire seldom marry with the Welsh; and the short cloak used, said to be called the *whittle*, is derived from them.”

Sir Benjamin accompanied them to Pembroke. The town stands on an arm of Milford Haven, and is built on a rocky elevation. The castle, which covers the whole of the great mount, was built by Henry the First. It is very large and strong, besides being double-warded. In the outer ward they were shown the chamber where Henry the Seventh was born, in remembrance of which a chimney has been built of more modern origin, with his arms and badges. The remains of this strong edifice are of Norman architecture, mixed with early Gothic. During the civil wars, Colonels Langhorne, Powell, and

Poyer, being displeased with the Parliament, declared for the king, and held this town and castle for four months. Cromwell took it at last, and then dismantled the castle entirely, which has since fallen to decay.

Pembroke is an exceedingly dull town, perhaps the very dullest in all South Wales. It has no one feature to recommend it to the stranger; and its commercial importance is at this time extremely insignificant.

They visited, two miles off, a small village called Lamphey, before setting out for Milford Haven, when Sophia's taste was gratified by examining an ancient seat now belonging to the Earl of Essex, but once the palace of the bishop of St. David's, and which still retained some features of Gothic elegance.

They then returned to Pembroke, and passing a small ferry, proceeded to Milford Haven, where they were to embark for Ireland. Sir Benjamin Grey was so much pleased with his party, that he agreed to accompany them to Milford, and Bertha mounted the box by the side of Mordaunt, to give him her place in the

carriage. Happy she was in no common degree; and she and Mordaunt amused themselves with every thing they saw, while grave talk took place in the carriage. Sir Benjamin was a native, and a resident in Wales; and Mr. Grey was anxious to get from him some information of the state of the country and of agriculture. It was easy to induce Sir Benjamin to talk of these things, for he was a farmer, and had turned his attention greatly to the subject. In reply to some question about the canals of South Wales, as connected with commerce, he observed that they were owing entirely to the productive mines of the country, in coal and iron. "Within the last twenty-four years," he continued, "of the late war, upwards of six score miles of canals were completed. Some of them are private property. Kydwell canal, in Caermarthenshire, was made by the late Thomas Kymer, Esq. The Cremlyn canal was also made by a private individual, to facilitate the conveyance of coals from the pits to the mouth of the river Neath. New roads have been formed, bridges built, and improvements have in this country made very hasty strides.

within the last fifty years. There are numerous rivers in South Wales, all more or less navigable, though none are of very considerable size; and, generally speaking, the climate is good; moister, perhaps, in Pembrokeshire than elsewhere. The people are hardy, well-fed, and very healthy. It is no uncommon thing to go into a village where the visits of a doctor are never known. No learned finger need explore their vigorous pulse. In 1811 the population amounted to three hundred and twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty-one persons."

"And what," asked Mr. Grey, "is the soil of Wales chiefly composed of?"

"It is usually divided into four tracts: slate, red soil, limestone, and coals."

"Have they a good breed of cattle?"

"Yes, they have four kinds; three natives and one foreign. The *coal-blacks* of Pembrokeshire—the *brownish blacks*, or dark browns of Glamorgan—the *black runts* of Cardiganshire, Caermarthenshire, and the western parts of the counties of Brecon and Radnor. The foreign breeds are those introduced from Herefordshire

and Shropshire. There are also four different kinds of sheep. The *mountaineers* are very profitable to the buyers: they are small."

"Under the old Welsh law, I believe," said Mr. Grey, "horses were allowed to harrow, but not to plough, which was exclusively performed by oxen."

"Yes," said Sir Benjamin; "and in those days the value of every article in rural and domestic economy was fixed by law. A pack-horse was ten shillings, and a palfrey thirteen and fourpence. These palfreys, by the bye, formerly composed the cavalry of Wales; for they had both cavalry and infantry; and much need they found for both during their struggles for independence. At the present date, the mischievous system of the law interfering in the price of articles sold generally to the public, is done away with; and the Cardigan Society gives premiums for the best horses of the cart breed."

"But, sir," said Sophia, turning to her father, "how could the security offered by the law affixing the price to articles, be injurious to the people?"

“ The price of the product of man's industry is best decided by its consumption. When a man knows that he never can get more than a very moderate profit, his industry will slacken, and he will raise less of that article ; for the only stimulus to labour is gain. The price of provisions, as well as other things, will always find its own level. For instance, when there has been a fine season, vegetables and fruit are plentiful, and they then become cheap. There is a competition amongst gardeners; and they know that if at such a time they were to ask an extravagant price, the buyer would say, ‘ I will go elsewhere : I bought cheaper to-day.’ But in times of scarcity, when the season is unfavourable, these same vegetables and fruit come in small quantities to market, and the price is varied considerably. The ordinary purchaser may refuse to buy, but the price is not for that reason lowered. They know that they can easily get it elsewhere, and they remain firm. I remember, one year there was an extraordinary failure of onion-seed. One man had accidentally been successful in raising his, and had besides a large

quantity of the year before. He made his fortune almost by selling his onion-seed. It would not have been fair to prevent this man from enjoying the fruits of his good fortune. Next year, those who had seen his good luck sowed an unusual quantity of onion-seed, others did the same ; and the consequence was, such a quantity came into the market that it was below even the ordinary price. In Spain and other countries, but particularly in Spain, where the law fixes the price of every production of the ground, industry is found to languish, and commerce to decay. The individual who provides for the public in order to increase his own means, may be safely trusted to his own discretion. He will not, for his own interest, raise that which he cannot sell; or, having raised it, offer it at such a price as shall prevent any one purchasing it. On the contrary, it is his interest only to raise what he can sell; and to offer that at such prices as customers are willing to give. And I may observe to you, that this method is more likely to advance the price of provisions than the other pursued by unwise governments; for the large profits made

by some successful individual one year, tempts many others to embark in the same speculation ; the consequence is, that the next year the article that was before scarce becomes so plentiful that it is considerably reduced in price. Do you comprehend how this principle would at once act as a stimulus to industry, and yet check the continued dearness of an article ?”

“ I do,” said Sophia, “ perfectly ; and it now seems so clear, that I can only wonder it escaped me.”

“ Others, my dear, have been as unable to make the discovery, if that will console you.” Then turning to Sir Benjamin, who was laughing with Mordaunt outside, he asked if the farms in Wales were large.”

“ No,” said Sir Benjamin, “ few, very few large farms are to be met with in South Wales. There are some from eight hundred to a thousand acres. From five hundred to three hundred acres they are numerous ; and from two hundred to a hundred still more so. The general run of the smaller farms is from thirty to a hundred acres : the size of the latter is reckoned the most beneficial.

A farm of fifty pounds a year is considered too small for any regular system. The rents of the small farms are higher, in proportion, than the larger ones ; because the former have always the greatest number of bidders. Farms on the best soils let for from one pound to thirty-five shillings an acre ; and decrease in value, according to the soil, down to ten, seven, and even three shillings an acre."

" I imagine," said Mr. Grey, " that we shall find a different system pursued in Ireland, where the extreme smallness of the farms is one great cause of the poverty of the people. I was surprised, as we passed along, to see the old Welsh or long plough still in use."

" That is now considered as a mark of ignorance and obstinacy," replied Sir Benjamin, " in those that persist in its use. The modern plough, known by the name of the Rotherham Swing, is in the most general use ; though there are some situations in which unprejudiced landlords find the long plough to be useful. Our carts and waggons, from the nature of the ground, are still of the humblest description. The primitive vehicles,

without wheels, are still in being, in the steep mountainous parts, where no wheel-carriage can possibly approach ; and upon these, various improvements have been made. Irish cars are common in Brecknockshire ; and some of the sliding cars have had lately the improvement of a pair of wheels, of a small size, under the middle of the cart ; while its fore part slides upon the ground. This cart carries about sixteen bushels, and is drawn by two oxen."

" I have heard," said Mr. Grey, " a most extraordinary account of the number of waste acres in Wales : what is your estimate of them ?"

" They undoubtedly amount to six or eight million of acres ; and this is the more extraordinary when we consider the prices paid by all persons for the necessaries of life ; that the people are often in a state of great destitution for want of employment ; and that the Welsh are a people of great mechanical genius. The landed proprietors ought to bring in a general inclosure bill, and every county petition for its success. The inclosed tract includes the counties of Brecon,

Caermarthen, Glamorgan, and Radnor ; with the more eastern parts of Cardigan and Pembroke.”

“ Wales,” said Mr. Grey, “ differs from Switzerland, with many advantages of soil. There every inch is cultivated, and every patch of earth, even in rocky places, made to produce its utmost. Here there seems a general neglect, except in those tracts of countries which have been cultivated from time immemorial. I imagine the waste land now was waste land in the time of Julius Cæsar.”

“ It was, indeed,” said Sir Benjamin. “ But we are approaching Milford Haven, which lies like a lake spread out before you. Ladies, how do you like the idea of your voyage.”

Each acknowledged a wish to have it over ; and as Bertha saw the packets rolling even in that calm sea, she half wished herself back again in her own house. Mordaunt rallied her on this cowardly feeling ; and Milford Haven had so little to attract in itself, that the next morning, when they embarked under the agreeable auspices of a fine day, and wind and tide in their favour, she acknowledged that she did not wish

to prolong her stay, and her ardent desire to see Ireland revived in all its force. After a passage of thirteen hours they reached Dunmore in safety, having suffered little from sea-sickness ; and being the only passengers, they did pretty much as they liked. On their landing they were saluted, for the first time, with the Irish accent. Each was pressing upon them a different inn. "And sure, where will your honours be better sarved, and have the most illigent accommodations, but at the O'Reilly hotel?" In similar tones another pleaded for the English hotel; and to that they finally went.

The mistress of the English hotel was solacing herself with a gentle glass of whiskey in the best parlour, by way of keeping it warm, when they arrived. She talked incessantly, and contrasted every thing she gave them with what they would have had at the other hotel.

Their rest was sweet that night, and the next morning they set off to Waterford.

"I am surprised," said Mrs. Grey, as she looked round at Dunmore, "to see that this place is so favourite a resort of the Irish families.

I can only conclude that the advantages of sea bathing and sea air counterbalance every thing else ; for Dunmore appears to me any thing but attractive ; and if our landlady was right, immense sums, considering the accommodation, are paid for the houses."

"Dunmore," said Mr. Grey, "will one day, I am sure, rise into importance. It is now only in its infancy ; and bleak and wild as it looks now, I dare say that only a few years will pass before we shall hear of the spreading foliage of its plantations. Modern industry is certainly a very wonderful thing in its results. The harbour and pier of Dunmore are executed with great skill ; and, what is next in importance, in a very economical manner : and though we did not stop to look at them, on the quay is an elegant range of vaulted apartments, containing the keeper's residence, coals for the steam-packets, and the stores."

"Oh ! sir, look !" interrupted Sophia. "What is that column erected for ? Is it not exactly like the model we saw in London of the Temple of Pæstum—at least of some of its columns ?"

“Oh!” said Mr. Grey, “you have found that out, have you? I was curious to see whether you would observe it or not. It is a light-house, and is really intended for a model of one of the Doric pillars at the Temple of Pæstum. The lantern has, towards the sea, a red light; and a bright one towards the Waterford haven. I am much pleased with your architectural recollections.”

Here the postillions stopped to adjust their tackle; and some of the country people on the road offered them poultry for sale.

“Well,” said Mordaunt, “that is the strangest thing I ever saw: dead poultry stuffed in with living fowls; and so stuffed that I verily believe they have died of suffocation.”

“Well now, plase your honour,” said the woman, “and you’re mighty ’cute then; for it was smothered entirely, only I kilt it myself afterwards, that the gentry might not refuse it; and an illigent goose it is.”

“Smothered, and yet you kilt it!” said the laughing Mordaunt, as he threw her sixpence; and the postillions proposed to drive on.

“ Well, and long life to your honour; and good luck to you, any way,” said the woman, as she replaced the basket on her back, and trudged on.

“ Bull the first !” said Bertha. “ I hope we shall have a good many. Do not you like, Sophia, that way of wishing you good luck ? I do.”

“ Yes, it has a sound of kindness,” she replied, “ that is very agreeable. But, Bertha, you are not looking about you. See ! there is Waterford, and the river Suir flowing beautifully through the suburbs.”

The entrance of Waterford from Dunmore is uncommonly pretty : the suburbs are embellished by a great many elegant country-houses, which give an agreeable impression of its opulence.”

“ Waterford, you may remember,” said Mr. Grey, “ has always been remarkable for its loyalty. It refused, in the time of Henry the Seventh, to countenance Perkin Warbeck ; it made resistance to Oliver Cromwell, after the death of king Charles the First ; and was equally averse to William of Orange when he ascended the English throne. It is at present a highly com-

mercial city, and exports immense quantities of pork, beef, and the best butter, to England. It gives the title of earl to the illustrious family of Talbot, and also that of viscount to the noble family of Lumley."

On entering the town they were struck with the beauty of its buildings. The quay is magnificent; and the water, coming up to its very edge, has a beautiful effect. The steam-packets were lying close to it; and the river was crowded with shipping, prepared to sail to the east and to the west.

"Every thing savours of commerce here," said Mrs. Grey: "all the inns seem anxious to display some insignia connected with it. There is the Chamber of Commerce, and the Commercial Hotel we are going to, and a very splendid edifice it appears to be."

"Well," said Bertha, as they were seated in a large apartment, "now we are really in Ireland." But Sophia, how pale you look, after mounting so many steps. We are actually in the clouds."

"Yes," said Mordaunt, "and did you hear

what the waiter said to her, as she sat down, out of breath, on the sofa?"

"No; tell me."

"He was going to quit the room, and after a moment's pause he turned and said, 'Sure it's a drop of the wine you'll be after having a taste of.'"

"I wonder he did not recommend whiskey," said Mr. Grey; "that is their staple beverage."

"The potsheen?" said Sophia.

"No," said her father; "potsheen is the name given to the unlawful distillation. *Sheen* is a diminutive used in Ireland to express affection and endearment."

In the evening a long discussion was held as to their plans: at length it was determined that, as their immediate destination was Wicklow, and that they would probably embark at Holyhead for England, they should visit those places in the south of Ireland more immediately within their reach, before they left that part of the country.

Clonmel was an object of interest to them, for they had friends in the neighbourhood; and they

set off the next morning, in high spirits, for Carrick-on-Suir. The country is exceedingly beautiful in this direction, and exhibited a cultivation, and a general attention to improvement, that surprised the young people. The cottages were not worse than the same class of dwellings in England; and the opinions of the inexperienced were rapidly undergoing the most violent changes. They had expected to have seen great poverty and wretchedness, and they found a paradise.

Mr. Grey smiled. "Do not," he said, "run into the opposite extreme. The reverse of wrong is not always right. Very considerable improvements have taken place in Ireland; and the south, or at least this part of the south, has greatly benefitted by the great increase of commerce within the last thirty years. Most of the landed proprietors are here resident on their estates; and hence the great improvement in the habitations of the poor. Towards Limerick, where this is not the case, I am informed that the most wretched huts are to be seen."

"It is natural it should be so," said Mrs.

Grey ; “ the religious and the political feeling of the country have greatly alienated the hearts of the people from their landlords. Now, the very best agent cannot wholly supply the place of the proprietor: there are feelings in his breast towards his tenantry that cannot be shown by a second person—one whose very integrity binds him to have a rigid eye to the interests of his employer. The tenants themselves, though they are fully sensible of the benefits arising from a good agent, yet do not feel towards him as they do to their landlord.”

“ The state of the Irish in the present day,” observed Mr. Grey, “ presents a most curious spectacle, moral as well as religious and political.”

“ Now do, papa,” said Bertha, “ give us one of your pleasant abridgements of Irish history ; for I remember to have heard such strange things about it from my Irish nurse, when I was a little bit of a thing, that I have always looked upon it as the most wonderful country in the world.”

“ Marvellous things have undoubtedly passed in Ireland,” said her father ; “ and the Irish trace their descent to a remote period of antiquity. I

shall probably surprise you when I tell you that Ireland was not unknown to the Greeks. It is decidedly mentioned in the works of their earliest writers, Orpheus, Herodotus, and Aristotle. The Greeks are supposed to have derived their knowledge of it from the Phœnicians : those primeval mariners extended their voyages into the great Atlantic, and thus reached the island of Ireland. They discovered and worked the rich mines of lead and copper which it contained, and which to this day form a large part of the natural advantages of the country. The letters, language, and customs of the ancient Irish, were doubtless Phœnician."

" But sir," said Sophia, " I thought that this island had been generally supposed to have been colonized from Carthage; that there was a great resemblance between the old Irish and the Carthaginian languages; and that the brazen swords found in the Irish bogs, are precisely similar to the swords of the Carthaginians found in the field of Cannæ, and now preserved in the British Museum."

" I know," said Mr. Grey, " that it has been

so said, not certainly erroneously : for you must recollect that Carthage herself was but a daughter of Phenicia. They therefore retained, doubtless, in their language and customs, strong marks of the parent unity. The Phœnician letters and characters are found in the ancient Irish manuscripts : and the identity of the two languages has been proved by Plinius. The ancient Irish also had a sacred character which they called *ogimra*, the existence of which is proved by the stone pillars scattered over the kingdom, bearing inscriptions resembling the characters now found on the ruins of Persepolis. The early history of Ireland, like that of many other countries, is involved in obscurity, and represents little beyond a succession of violence and crime. It would be needless to enter upon it in detail. The first Christian prince was named Loogary, in whose reign Christianity was established in Ireland by St. Patrick, as it is asserted. Palladius appears, however, to have preceded him, and to have founded three religious houses in Leinster. St. Patrick, however, converted the whole kingdom at Torah. He founded various

bishopricks, was acknowledged primate by the Romish clergy, and acted as patron and head of the church on all occasions. The church of Ireland, now perhaps the most bigotted in the world to the Roman see, continued on this independent footing for seven hundred years, till Eugenius the Third, in 1511, sent four bulls into Ireland. The Danes, for a number of years, had possession of Ireland, and subjected various parts of the island to a rude and savage yoke; and about the year 1156, when Adrian granted a bull to Henry the Second, to subjugate Ireland, there were five sovereignties in that country—Munster, Leinster, Meath, Ulster, and Connaught: and the Irish, though fully converted to the Christianity of that period, had never acknowledged the authority of the see of Rome.”

“What a grasping power was that of Rome!” exclaimed Sophia. “Looking back upon all its exactions, one wonders how any people were found willing to submit to them.”

“True,” said Mr. Grey, “but we must not forget two circumstances; first, that its interference, though hostile to one party, was always

favourable to one side, and that generally the strongest; and secondly, that superstition and blind submission had so darkened the minds of the populace, that they were incapable, at that dark period, of judging wisely. The English were first invited into Ireland by Dermot Macmorragh, king of Leinster, who having carried the wife of another king, was expelled his kingdom; and he applied to Henry to assist him to recover it, promising to do him homage for it. But Henry was too much engaged in France at that time to do more than grant him letters patent empowering his subjects to assist him. Macmorragh prevailed upon Earl Strigul, of the house of Clare, and bearing the epithet of Strongbow to assist him; and with his help, and that of his adherents, he recovered his possessions. Strongbow married Eva his daughter, and on the death of Dermot, succeeded without opposition to the kingdom of Leinster. On his death a variety of English governors succeeded; and Henry eventually sent his son John, during whose stay in Ireland was built that tower which we saw in the last chapter. It is a curious and important fact

that the most violent opposers of the English government were the descendants of those very English noblemen who had the first possessions in Ireland. The noble families of Thomond, Desmond, Ormond, and Kildare, were alternate opponents and supporters of the English; being driven into the former character by an undue preference being given by Edward the Third to the English lords who migrated to Ireland in that reign. It was in this reign that several severe and most unjust laws were enacted against the Irish, declaring intermarriage and all close connexion or intercourse with them high treason; all which were ratified at the great convention at Kilkenny. It was in the reign of Henry the Seventh that Edward Poynings, the then governor of Ireland, passed that memorable bill, which provided that no bill should be introduced into Ireland till it had previously received the sanction of the English council; by which the English authority was ever after fully established in that country. The Ormonds were the rivals of another noble family, the Geraldines; and having, in the time of Henry the Eighth, gained the ear of Cardinal

Wolsey, laid the foundation of their ruin. The Geraldines, partly impelled by their restless disposition, and partly led by misrepresentation concerning the imprisonment of their father, rose in open rebellion; and being brought to London on an assurance of free pardon, Lord Thomas, with his five uncles, were all beheaded by the remorseless Henry. The younger brother of Lord Thomas went through a variety of adventures, being, though but a child of twelve years, hurried from France and Flanders, and only finding shelter at last at Rome, under the protection of Cardinal Pole. Ireland was not more quiet in the days of Elizabeth. Earl Desmond, who had joined with the Spaniards against her, she refused to pardon; and after enduring innumerable hardships, he was at length taken and killed. In the reign of Charles the First, Ireland was a continued scene of bloodshed and horrors. A civil war, which had for its object the restoration of the Catholic religion, in opposition to the Reformed doctrines enjoined by Henry the Eighth, raged in every province. The judges are reproached with having neglected many timely

warnings, and the horrors that ensued have been forcibly laid at their door. Wentworth, afterwards the unfortunate Earl of Stafford, was for a time governor of Ireland, and great complaints were made of his severity. To him succeeded the celebrated Ormond, who, after vainly striving to do his duty and put a stop to the cruel disorders of his country, resigned his commission and sailed for France. In the brief usurpation of Cromwell, some of the Romish priests who had been most active were executed; and on the restoration of Charles the Second, Ormond was again made governor, and by his integrity, wisdom, and prudence, succeeded in arranging the embarrassed affairs of Ireland, and settling, in some degree, the disputes about property which had arisen. On the accession of James the Second, the excellent old nobleman was dismissed, without ceremony, and immediate measures taken for restoring the Roman Catholics to power. The reign of James was short, but full of interest in Ireland; for the famous siege of Derry occurred at that time. The governor of that city, surnamed Lundy, was not only a base

coward, but a man of no principle. He persuaded the citizens that Derry was untenable; but on the approach of James's regiment, the apprentice boys made a rush to the walls, pointed the guns, fired, and killed several of the soldiers. After this gallant act, they sustained the siege with the most unalterable courage; and though they suffered all the horrors of famine, were not induced to yield. At the close of the siege a very interesting circumstance occurred. In the midst of their scarcity, two vessels laden with provisions, and convoyed by a frigate, advanced in view both of the garrison and of the king's troops. The enemy thundered furiously upon them from their batteries, which they returned with equal vigour. The foremost of the victuallers struck forcibly against the boom which had been stretched across the river, and snapped it; but, rebounding with violence, ran aground. The enemy, exulting in loud acclamations, proposed to board her; while the garrison, on the walls, remained stupified with fear. At this critical moment the vessel fired her guns, was extricated by the shock, and almost instantly

floated. Passing the boom, she was followed by the other vessels; and the town being thus relieved, the enemy abandoned the siege. In 1690, William landed in Ireland; and shortly after was fought the battle of the Boyne, which established the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. Walker, the Nonconformist minister, who conducted the siege of Derry after the base cowardice of the governor Lundy, received a wound in that battle, of which he died. The gallant Schomberg* and Coilemote fell also in attempting to ford the river. Limerick surrendered in 1691; and the distinction of Irish and English, Catholic and Protestant, slumbered for a while. And now I think we will suspend our detail of Irish history; for we are approaching Carrick-on-Suir, one of the most disloyal, turbulent places in the south of Ireland; and I am anxious to see it."

"But, papa," said Bertha, "you will answer all my questions in the evening: won't you?"

"I will, my dear. We shall sleep here; so

* Schomberg is buried at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

that there will be no impediment to our doing all you wish. Look ! there are the Irish beggars you have been longing to see."

Bertha turned, and as the carriage stopped at the inn she shrunk from the number of wretched objects she saw. "This is as bad as Lisbon," she said. The unfortunate creatures crowded round them as they alighted from the carriage, imploring assistance as a means of good luck to the travellers rather than themselves. A few halfpence were distributed, a benefaction which they returned with blessings. Bertha's pity was deep and sorrowful.

"My dear," said her father, "they are not so unhappy as you may imagine. In times of real scarcity every effort is made to provide for these persons ; but, as you see, many are young and able to work, but accustomed to idleness, and I fear to vice, they prefer begging. In general, in every country the beggar is not the most destitute person in it. There is an honest pride that prevents the respectable poor from having recourse to such methods without diminishing the pressure of want. The person who

can work, and prefers to earn a livelihood by begging, is already degraded."

"And," said Mrs. Grey, "these paupers marry—actually marry, and have families, whom they confidently expect to support on this precarious mode of existence."

"If there are no poor-laws," said Mordaunt, "how are the poor supported?"

"The poor-laws are, from the evil effects they have had in England, regarded here with great horror," said his father. "The resident landlords are exceedingly benevolent; and the agents of those who do not reside, as much as in them lies, supply their place. Subscriptions are made in the towns; and if a scarcity of potatoes occurs, oatmeal, barley, and every other substitute is, as much as possible, supplied to them. The great poverty of the lower class in Ireland arises from the subdivision of property, and their early marriages. They will have a small property of four or five acres, and marry upon this prospect of being able to rear a family. They have eight or ten children; and, on the death of the father, this property is divided amongst them. Perhaps

half an acre, or even say one acre, falls to them: that they plant with potatoes, and marry as their father did before them. The acre soon becomes inadequate to the support of an increasing family. Poverty presses them hard. The man perhaps is willing to work, and does willingly every job that offers; but employment is not easy to be had; and, with his best efforts, he finds that he toils in vain. A deep, hopeless dejection takes possession of his mind: the energy of his character only sinks him into deeper dejection, for he feels acutely both grief and joy. A darker state of mind ensues, of which the evil-disposed take advantage. He is told he is wronged and betrayed, and he eagerly believes it. All his misfortunes are attributed to the extortion and cruelty of his landlord, and what he is told is the grinding oppression of the government; and he exchanges hopeless despair for hatred and bloodshed. He is ready to join the first treasonable plot that presents itself; and he works himself up into such a state of mind, that he believes he is acting a just and patriotic part, even amidst his wildest excesses."

“Your picture, I fear, is too true,” said Mrs. Grey; “to which we may add the influence the priests have on the peasantry. In a country like this, the power of absolving from every oath, and every moral obligation, must be of fearful importance.”

“And yet,” said Mr. Grey, “nothing can be more contrary to the real interests of the priest than the encouragement of rebellion. Every fresh ebullition of their passions, every unlicensed effort to obtain what they are pleased to call liberty, must prepare the way for a freedom of opinion which will shake their empire to its foundations. Ignorance is the child of Superstition; and it is impossible, amongst the agitators of the present day, but that some will rise who will feel the power of the priest interfere with their own, and seek to level it, as they desire to do with every authority but their own.”

“The election, I understood,” said Mordaunt, “is about to begin at Clonmel. I hope, sir, we shall stay and hear some of their public speakers, of whom we have heard so much. I am curious

to see an Irish mob. I think if we had a few Eton fellows here we could manage them."

Mr. Grey shook his head. "You know not the elements which compose a mob," he said. "The Irish, whatever may be the latent elements of their character in better hands, are certainly bloodthirsty and cowardly. Several men will set on one man to murder him; and others stand by, not lending the least assistance to the unfortunate person."

"Fear, I suppose, restrains them," said Mrs. Grey; "for they would not be slow to take revenge on any, even of their own party, who thwarted their views. I always look back with a sort of shrinking horror, when I think of that melancholy story of young O'Brien."

"What was it?" said Bertha. "You know, mother, I love a melancholy story."

"Well, my dear, your father will tell it while I am out of the room preparing for dinner. I do not think I should like to hear it again."

"Florence O'Brien," said Mr. Grey, "was a little boy about ten years of age. When, one Sunday, while his father and mother and the rest of

the family were at church, he saw, as he was playing on the lawn, a number of persons coming up to the house, and amongst the rest a servant who had been discharged for ill conduct. He immediately ran into the house, shut the hall-door, and calling to his sister, who was younger than he was, he said he was sure they were coming to break into the house. As far as his strength would permit he bolted the doors and shut the shutters; and when the persons arrived, he said, in reply to their demand of being let in, that they were robbers, come to rob the house in his papa's absence, and that he would not let them in. In vain they assured him they had no such purpose. His sagacity was not to be baffled: he refused to let them in; and they then recollected that there was a portion of wall at the back of the house, thinner than the rest, and they went round to that side on purpose to pull it down and effect an entrance there. The little boy no sooner discovered what they were at than he ran up stairs for his papa's pistols; and when a small breach had been made in the wall, and a man was in the act of struggling

through it, the boy raised the pistol and shot him dead. His companions removed the body, and another strove to get through. The undaunted child fired the other pistol at him. He fell, and the party then took themselves off, carrying their dead and wounded with them. This child, unhappily, remained in the country, and went to school at Cashel, a place on the other side of Clonmel. Four years after he was riding home on his little pony, and he was waylaid and murdered. Twenty bullets were found in his body."

"Killed! murdered!" said Bertha, an expression of horror changing the vivid interest she had hitherto expressed. "Oh! what his parents and his sister must have felt!"

"They must have felt," said Sophia, "as Lord Ormond did on the death of the brave and generous Ossory. They would rather have their dead son than any living son in Christendom."

"I do not think so," said Mr. Grey. "Affection does not readily part with its idol. That boy must have given many a fair promise for the future; and the manner of his death must have

been a cruel aggravation. Trust me," he continued, as he recollected the fine youth he had himself lost in the navy, "a parent's heart is but ill consoled by any feelings of pride or glory, for the death of a child. We resign them to God, with deep submission; and our belief in their eternal happiness can alone soften or soothe the anguish of our hearts. Love will not be satisfied by ambition—it soothes sorrow as little as the dull cold ear of death. But your mother is returning. Let us drop the subject and prepare for dinner."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Mr. Grey and his son were lounging about Carrick-on-Suir, they were agreeably surprised by the sight of an Irish family, whom they had known in England. No sooner did their eyes meet, than the jaunting-car was stopped, and they received a warm and eager welcome to Ireland. The ladies were next enquired for, and a thousand reproaches were lavished upon them for stopping at an hotel at Carrick, instead of coming immediately to seek their friends, who would have been so enchanted to see them. Nor were these mere words of course: on meeting Mrs. Grey they urged their request with so much warmth, that she yielded; and they all returned together to the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Burke.

Mr Grey and his son preferred walking, and took a boy to show them the way.

“There is something,” said Mordaunt to his father, “in the countenances of the people here—I mean in Carrick—particularly lawless and ferocious. How many idle people there are standing about, all seemingly able-bodied men, and capable of great exertion. In such idleness there must be mischief.”

“Carrick is, I understand,” said Mr. Grey, “one of the most lawless places in Tipperary, a county famous for its turbulent disposition. The populace here look as if they would take pleasure in doing you a mischief.”

On reaching Castle Bahun, they mentioned the unfavourable impression they had formed of Carrick.

“True,” said Mr. Burke, “every one speaks of them in the same terms; yet it is a place of great trade, and should not have the appearance of poverty that it possesses. One remark we make in this country, that wherever the Quakers settle, they bring the greatest improvements with them. They are expert traders, and their pru-

dent habits set a good example. In Clonmel, where there are a great number, they have done the greatest service. To-morrow the election begins, and you will see the Irish to great advantage."

Mordaunt rejoiced at the idea. He had heard so much of the violence employed on these occasions, and yet more of the oratory displayed, that he was quite impatient to see and share in these delights. He failed to inspire a similar interest either in his mother or sisters, and set off, rallying them on their dullness.

When the gentlemen were gone, Miss Burke, who had taken a great fancy to Bertha, asked her if she would like to hear some of the Irish legends and superstitions. "I have," she said, "an old nurse, whose head, and I almost think her heart, is full of these stories, which are firmly believed by the lower orders, and which often influence their actions."

Bertha and Sophia eagerly accepted the proposal, and old Norah was ushered in. She wished good luck to the young English ladies; and, seating herself on the floor, she wrapped her

shawl about her head and shoulders, in a wild, picturesque sort of fashion, and then awaited the commands of her auditors.

“ Now, Norah,” said Miss Burke, “ we want to hear of the fairies, or the good people. They have none such in England.”

“ They are a mighty race, although they are so small,” replied Norah, with great solemnity ; “ but I think they were more powerful in my young days than they are now.” And then, at the request of her auditors, she amused them with some of the numerous fanciful tales of the olden times ; those day-dreams of the imagination, which still exert such influence over the lower classes in Ireland.

Bertha, as well as Sophia, was excessively amused with the stories and legends of the old nurse, and eagerly repeated some of them to their mother when she came into the room.

“ It is curious,” she said, “ to observe the similarity of legends and of ideas concerning imaginary beings, among nations that, for ages, have had scarcely any communication.”

“ Drayton, in the 4th vol. of his ‘ Nymphidia,’

said Sophia, "has some pretty lines on the fairies hiding in the bells of the lusmore, where he describes the fairy maids of honour to Queen Mab, as anxious to be concealed from the quick-sighted Puck.

At length one chanced to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scattered by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had ;
When quoth the Fay, "Dear Queen, be glad :
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

Come all within this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in, be ruled by me ;
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heaped."
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

"Oh ! how I wish," said Bertha, "I had your memory, Sophia. Are not those lines pretty?" she continued, turning to Miss Burke.

"I admire them exceedingly," she replied. "I never heard of them before ; but I remember my brother saying, that when he was in Spain

the notion of fairies, dwarfs, and brownies being excluded from heaven was common there, and noticed by one of their best poets."

"It seems natural," said Mrs. Grey, "that it should be so. We all had one common origin; and the fall of Adam was, doubtless, deeply impressed on all his descendants. The confusion of Babel confounded tongues, but not ideas. Each of those who spoke the same language carried with them into other regions, where they settled, the recollections they had been taught from infancy; for we perceive that the most unlettered and even barbarous nations, have always an idea of a good and an evil spirit."

"The fairies," said Miss Burke, "are often supposed to change children, and place their own in the stead of those they take. This is a belief extremely common with the lower Irish. The change is always made before the child is christened; and the most approved methods of preventing it are, good watching—keeping a light constantly burning—making a cross over the door or cradle—putting some pieces of iron, a needle, a nail, a knife, &c. in the cradle. In Thuringia it is

considered an infallible preventive to hang the father's breeches against the wall."

"The superstitions of the northern nations," remarked Sophia, "had a great similarity to each other. I remember having read, that in Denmark, when a child is supposed to be changed by a fairy, the mother heats the oven, and places the changeling on the peel, pretending to put it in; or whips it severely with a rod, or throws it into water. And in Sweden, the Irish custom of the shovel is yet more closely followed; and I dare say that the parallel may be much more closely drawn than my limited skill enables me to do. Bertha, do you remember those verses in the *Midsummer Nights Dream*?"

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling.

"Or," said Mrs. Grey, "Spencer's lines:"

A Fairy thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swaddling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left,
Such men do changelings call, so changed by fairies' theft.

Here the conversation was interrupted by a voice at the window, where stood a blind man with two or three children around him.

“Pity a poor dark man!” said the beggar, taking off his hat, his white hair streaming to the breeze. “I cannot see you, ladies; but let your eyes pity.”

Relief was given, and some surprise expressed at the picturesque mode of speaking.

“There is something,” said Miss Burke, “highly imaginative in the Irish language. Idiotism they call innocence, and pity and respect it accordingly; and what will perhaps sound singular to your English ears is, that the Irish retain many words in present use which were used at an earlier period in England: for instance, the word *foremost*, which in Ireland means opposite, and is used in the same sense by Fairfax in his *Godfrey of Boulogne*; and the word *brook*, which in England means a running stream, less than a river, is in Ireland employed in its original sense. The streams which in the county of Wicklow, during rain, burst or *break* from the hills, are always by the common people

called brooks ; now the Anglo Saxon *broc*, my father says, from whence it originally comes, signifies a torrent ; and it is clear that it is derived from *brocan*, the participle of *brecan*, to break."

"The analogy of languages is very singular," said Mrs. Grey, "and might afford a very curious and inexhaustible subject of enquiry. If I had ever been persuaded to give way to my imagination, I think a universal language would have been my hobby. At any rate, if unsuccessful in procuring the philosopher's stone, I should have acquired much useful information in my search."

"You were speaking, a little while ago," said Miss Burke, "of the resemblance that the legends of one country bear to the other. The common people have in this country a legend called Bottle Hill, closely resembling your eastern English story of Aladdin, with this difference, that yours is more gorgeous in its details, ours has more humour ; and the Germans have, I believe, another like it, called the Bottle Imp."

Here another tap at the window interrupted them again. An old woman was standing at it, wrapped in the tattered remains of a red cloak. Little of the rest of her person was seen, and that little seemed a bundle of rags. Her face had an expression of mingled cunning and vacuity, and her grey hairs streamed in disorder from under her dirty cap.

“ Oh !” said Miss Burke, “ there is Nelly Castello, who has taken it into her wise head that she is destined to find some hidden treasure in some of the numerous ruins of Ireland. It is, indeed, a popular belief in this country among the peasantry ; but Nelly has devoted her life to the search, and lives poor and miserable in the hope of becoming one day rich. She travels about the country ; and a few years since discovered, at a hill called Castle Treasure,* a rude earthen urn, and a few brazen implements, which excited her hopes so much that she was hardly in her sound mind. She still believes, even now, that she is destined to discover ‘ the little crock

* About three miles south of Cork.

of gold' which tradition reports to be buried there."

"And what does she live upon?"

"The casual charity of people nearly as poor as herself, and the benevolence of her richer neighbours. Well, Nelly, what brought you to Tipperary?"

"What brought me a vick, and sure, jewel! I come for the male of mate, and the sweet smile of the young mistress."

"Well, but Nelly, have you found the 'little crock of gold' that is to make you rich and happy, and that you have been searching for these thirty years, to my knowledge?"

"And sure, honey, you cannot remimber that same yourself, though you may add thirty years to the fore of the other, an till no lie. How would the mistress be the day?"

"Quite well, Nelly. Do you never intend to cease your wandering? Consider, you are getting old now?"

"I don't feel old, jewel," said the old woman, her keen eye flashing at the recollection, "when I am searching for the bright, bright gold that

will come, I know, by a token that I dramed it three nights together; and the Castellós are all grate dramers."

"And are you never weary, Nelly? Wet or dry, cold or hot, there you are, still searching in vain for what you will never find."

"Is it wary I am!" said the old woman, with great energy; "is the sun wary of riding in the heavens? What the heart is in, niver wears out the body. But its long waiting," she added with a sigh, "and the ruins grow frailer and frailer."

"And so do you, Nelly, if you would but believe it."

"And I'll live to see you smile on my success yet," said Nelly, with the pertinacity of a hope that no disappointment could destroy. Sophia and Bertha observed her with great interest; and when she was desired to go to the kitchen, she turned to the young English ladies, and prayed that good luck and long life might attend them; and when they smiled, she urged them to throw her a luck-penny, with which they complied.

"Are such persons often to be found in Ire-

land?" asked Sophia: "they are quite unknown in England."

"Nor are they very common here: a time was when they were less rare, but with the improvements of the last thirty years, many of these characters have disappeared. Nelly, however, is quite as great a knave as fool, as you may perceive by her address."

"Look, there are more beggars coming," said Bertha; "there is quite a group of them: do you not find it difficult to give to all? ought not the parish to relieve them?"

"We have no poor laws in Ireland," said Mrs. Burke; "and melancholy as the poverty is which we often witness, we think it better than the evils introduced into England by the English mode of relieving the poor. These people come on various errands. The supply of potatoes has run short throughout the country rather unexpectedly, and for six weeks they will require assistance, either in the shape of positive gifts or loans. You will be amused to hear them."

The window was again thrown up, and an old woman began to cough violently: there seemed

something like effort in her reiterated attempts to be heard.

“Well, take time, Jane,” said Miss Burke, “don’t hurry: what is the matter with you?”

“Oh, I have such an impression* on my chest,” said the old woman, producing a bottle from under her cloak; “if the mistress would be plased to give a drop of wine to a poor creature that’s sore laden.”

“Impression on your chest! why wine would kill you. Water,” said Miss Burke, smiling with a look of meaning, “water will be your safest drink, without the drop of the cratur in it.”

“And where would I get a drop of the cratur?” said the old lady vehemently; “where would a poor forlorn woman like me taste a drop, unless you or the mistress gave it me?”

“No, no hope for you,” said Miss Burke, as she turned away from the bony arm which held the bottle towards her; and a man pressed forward, and begged, for the love of heaven, to have

* Meaning an oppression, a sense of weight.

a bit of bacon for the child to suck, for it was just dwindling away, and the bacon was the only thing in life for it.

The bacon was given; but Miss Burke at the same time represented to him how idle it was to expect any benefit from such a remedy; but she spoke, as she afterwards acknowledged, quite in vain. Some came to buy meal, some to receive a daily allowance of potatoes; and the English party were struck by their figurative modes of speech, and the fine words they used. They remarked it to their friends, and Mrs. Burke said, that it might be accounted for by the genius of the Irish language not admitting of false grammar in the manner that the English does, or those vulgarisms which deform the provincial dialects. English is to them a sort of learned language, rather than their mother tongue: they have either learned it as they would learn a foreign tongue, or they have acquired it second-hand from those who learned it thus at first. An Irishman is always able to talk; the fluency and figurativeness of his imagery is proverbial. There," she said, " we shall have an instance of

it. The little girl who is stealing up to the window, regularly imposes upon Clara every day she comes; and though she is aware she is an impostor, yet every day, at the close of their interview, she succeeds in deceiving her anew. Now you will see how she manages.”

The child drew close to the window, and after casting a furtive glance at the party, she meekly let her eyes drop, and presently the tears rolled down her cheek, but she did not speak. At first the hearts of all were against her; but her silence and her tears gradually softened them. Miss Burke drew near to the window.

“ Well, Peggy, what’s the matter to-day ?”

Peggy wept, but made no answer.

“ Speak, Peggy, what is your new grievance ?”

“ And what would it be,” sobbed out Peggy, “ but that we have not a male of mate in the house ! The pratees are all gone, and we cannot buy more, and my mother and the children—” here Peggy’s voice was choked by her emotions.

“ Nay,” said Miss Burke, struggling against her compassion, “ what did you do with the twopence you had yesterday ?”

"I bought two bunnns with them last night."

"Well, then, you cannot be starving."

"Would I ate them while the mother was in want?" said Peggy, with a sort of suppressed indignation: "sure she had the best right to the whole."

Miss Burke took sixpence from her purse, and put it into the child's hands, who warmly thanked her, and took her departure instantly.

"Well," said Mrs. Burke, "I consider Peggy Conner as the most clever person I know: pity she is not a man; she would make a clever, but a wicked lawyer."

"I am very foolish, I confess: every day I determine not to believe her, and every day she deceives me afresh."

Sophia confessed she greatly doubted her sincerity: she had remarked an acute, shrewd glance that convinced her that Miss Peggy had all her senses; but Bertha defended and pitied, even when facts were mentioned that she could defend no longer. A young woman was the last that lingered in the crowd of departing mendicants. She hung back, and when encou-

raged to speak, asked for a ticket for the Dispensary. After it was given, she was asked what ailed her.

"Its a pain in the heart I have, Miss," she said, with a deep sigh.

"A pain in the heart! But medicine will not remove that."

"I am not myself no way, Miss, entirely."

"And what has altered you, Grace M'Carthy?" asked Miss Burke, kindly.

"Its the pain in my heart, Miss, and Maurice O'Neal to the fore."

"Maurice O'Neal is your bachelor, is he not?"

Amidst fresh tears and lamentations, Grace continued to make known, that Maurice O'Neal had run away with another girl; "And ever since, Miss, this pain in my heart took me, and I'm changed entirely."

"In a little time," said Mrs. Burke, "you will be glad that you had nothing to do with a man who could behave so. In the mean time you shall stay here a day or two, and I will employ you in some needlework."

Grace dropped a curtsy expressive of her thanks, and retired just as the gentlemen returned from Clonmel.

Sophia, who knew Mordaunt's anxiety to hear the oratory of an election in Ireland, followed him into her mother's dressing-room, and eagerly enquired how he had been pleased.

"Why," said Mrs. Grey, who overheard the question, "Mordaunt has received a lesson in popular oratory that will, I trust, make him a wiser man for life. Is it not so, Mordaunt?"

"You were disappointed, then," said Sophia.

"No," he said; "I was in danger of being too well pleased. The topics on which the popular candidate dilated, were chiefly liberty and the reform of abuses. I was dazzled by the animation of his gestures, the profound silence of the immense mob below, and I had no leisure to examine the justness of the reasoning contained in his flowing periods. I was, for a time, as much touched with admiration as his craziest partisan could desire, but a slight incident roused me. When the voters of the opposite party came into town, while the words of freedom and

equality were yet in their ears, the mob turned from their darling orator to assault persons who had as good a right to vote as they pleased as the other side; gentlemen were spit upon, and the common people on the common were only saved from violence by being escorted by military. I caught my father's eye: he smiled; and I felt instantly what was the nature of the liberty that they had just heard that they ought to claim."

"In one word," said Mr. Grey, "the liberty which the factionary want, is only another word for the most intolerable despotism. When we came from England, we were impressed with the idea that the catholics were an oppressed race; yet you see they have a power superior to that of their protestant brethren. The protestant candidate was not permitted by the mob to address his voters, or to speak at all: violence was successfully employed to accomplish their wishes, while the catholic candidate harangued the mob whenever it suited him. Yet he hardly made a speech in which he did not speak of the grinding oppression practised upon the people, or

exhort them to shake off the control of the tyrants who degraded them, and held up to their imitation the example of France and Belgium. I wish the misguided populace could for one year be under the rule of those who thus profess such superior arts of government. I have a strong impression, that the experience they would then acquire, would do more to undeceive them than any words could do."

"Well," said Sophia, as an expression of disappointment was for a moment impressed on the animated countenance of Mordaunt, "tell me, in two words, for I must hurry to dress, if you saw any difference, any such marked difference, between the English and the Irish."

"I did," said Mordaunt, with reviving energy: "I can give you no idea of the enthusiastic expression of their countenances—the wild, fiery expression of their eyes when their passions are roused; in short, their whole demeanour was that of men who only required a slight stimulus to rush to any deed of bloodshed or excess. And there was something awful in hearing the orator, after every sentence likely to agitate them, re-

commending, after an affected pause, peace and tranquillity. One felt on the very brink of a volcano."

"And these men call themselves patriots!" said the indignant Sophia: "it is pure selfishness; and, before long, the world will know it. These men would not be known beyond their own narrow circle, if they were peaceable and obedient citizens. Mordaunt, you cannot approve them."

"He does not," said his father, answering for him; "but he is yet under the influence of strong excitement, and he is willing to think before he speaks. You will be late, my dear," he continued, as he left the room to dress.

At dinner the gentlemen talked of what had passed in the morning; and their greater intimacy with the character of the persons concerned, made them predict with greater certainty the issue of the election.

"I never," said Mr. Burke, "saw a greater instance of party spirit than in this election. The beggars in the street, who have been so long supported by the gentry and respectable shop-

keepers, turned against their benefactors, and actually, in many instances, spit upon them."

"I should mark those people," said Mr. Grey: "I think there are cases when mistaken lenity discountenances the good, and only serves to justify the bad. On the whole, however, turbulent as the people were, I was struck, even in that excited moment, with the difference between Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir. There was a lawless appearance in the inhabitants of the last town, that seemed to fit them for any deed of blood: in Clonmel they had a less ferocious aspect."

"It has been observed," said Mr. Burke, "that wherever the Quakers settle, great improvement follows in a town. Ireland is very much indebted to this class of persons, for great advance in commerce and the introduction of neatness and order; qualities in which the Irish are eminently deficient. Some of the principal trade of Clonmel is in the hands of Quakers, and it has prospered exceedingly."

"Honesty, order, and punctuality, are the fibres of trade," said Mrs. Grey. "You have a

very extensive commerce in Clonmel, I imagine."

"As great, if not greater, than any town in the south of Ireland situated inland. The river being navigable to Waterford is a great advantage."

"Miss Grey," he said, turning to Sophia, "Did you ever hear of the Irish Cluricaune?"

"No," she said, "I have only been introduced to the fairies."

"Well, I will be the master of the ceremonies to the Cluricaune.* This is a solitary pigmy, for such I apprehend to be the true meaning of the word: it is devoted to drinking, and is a miniature Bacchus. Its province is the cellar, where it acts the part of the Scotch brownie."

"Is not *Naggenun*," asked Sophia, "a name often given to the Cluricaune, implying something less than naggin or noggin,† the smallest measure for drink? *Een* is an Irish diminutive, and like the Italian *ino*, a term of endearment. A

* In Leinster he is called the Lefrechan, and both words are probably originally derived from *luacharman*, the Irish for a pigmy.

† The English gill.

snug covering for the head is called *fodaheen*; *boher* is a road, *bohereen* is a little road."

"The Cluricanne," said an old gentleman, who seemed pleased with the intelligent countenances of the young English party, "is also said to be a shoemaker, and is represented as avaricious and cunning, and fearful of superior strength: he possesses, however, the power of disappearing if he can unfix the eye of the person who is gazing on him, and this he does by stratagem."

"But you have a Bonshu in Ireland as well as in Scotland, have you not?" said Mrs. Grey.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "you may remember, madam, those lines of your poet:

Who sits upon the heath forlorn,
With robe so free and tresses torn?
Anon she pours a harrowing strain,
And then—she sits all mute again!
Now peals the wild funereal cry,
And now—it sinks into a sigh.

Its melancholy cry is a sure forerunner of approaching death, but it only chooses to appear to families of distinction. Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish dictionary, says, that no families but of an

ancient stock are honoured with its notice; and adds, that on the death of one of the Knights of Kerry at Dingle, a small sea-port town, when the fairy lamentation was heard, every one of the merchants residing there was apprehensive that it foretold his own death; but they are assured, in a very humorous manner, by the poet who relates the story, that they have nothing to fear, for no warning voice will warn the world of the loss it will sustain in them."

"This is a superstition," observed Mr. Grey, "common to all countries. The great, though they must share the common doom of mortality, imagine, nevertheless, that some extraordinary messenger foretels to them the fatal hour. In France they believed, till within these thirty years, that a supernatural appearance of fire hovering over the house, foretold the death of its chief."

"I remember," said Mr. Burke, "when I was at Thopstral, in the neighbourhood of Cork, a curious story of a Bonshu coming before me. In a retired part of the county of Cork there was a solitary farm-house, where a widow lady and her sister lived, with only one maid-servant

The lawn or field before the house was covered with flax, which had been steeped and put out to dry. Every morning a large quantity of it was gone, and during the night the Bonshu's cry was heard sounding dismally about the grounds. The lady was satisfied the flax could not be carried away without hands, although her suspicions did not fall upon any particular person; and she determined, if possible, to discover the thief. The next night the Bonshu was heard as usual, and she desired the servant girl to find out from what part of the grounds the voice came. The servant, however, felt too much alarmed to obey the order of her mistress, when the lady, who was a woman of strong mind, notwithstanding the persuasion of her sister, determined herself on walking round the house. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and she had not advanced many steps from the door, when she saw what appeared to be the figure of a woman crouching in a blue cloak, singing a sweet but most melancholy air. She walked quickly up to the form, and laid her hand on its shoulder: it rose slowly, and continued in-

creasing in height; still the lady held firm her grasp, and her sister coming up they seized the Bonshu, under whose blue cloak a quantity of flax was found. The servant, who had recovered her senses on hearing the altercation that ensued, now came to their assistance, and they contrived to secure the woman for the night. The next day she was sent to Cork, and I was one of the magistrates who committed her."

"I believe," said Mr. Grey, "that many of the apparitions and strange noises which are said to be heard in particular houses, have the same origin; but if we have not quite wearied you, will you explain to my young folks what the *Phooka* or spirit-horse is?"

"I assure you," returned Mr. Sullivan, "it is no easy matter to give an exact definition. The Welsh word *gwyll*, used to express gloom, darkness, a shade, a goblin, night-mare—all are applicable to the Irish *Phooka*. If a man, after an over-dose of whiskey, falls down a precipice, he is immediately represented as being enticed to mount the spirit-horse, who has thrown him there. The *Phooka* is not meant to be accu-

rately defined : something of indistinctness is necessary to its existence. Bats are often said to be the favourite shape which they assume."

Mrs. Burke here took advantage of a pause in the conversation, and the ladies left the room. As the young people sat together, Bertha recurred to the Bonshee, the spirit that seemed most to interest her ; and, to please her, Miss Burke repeated some verses, translated from a popular *keen*,* which was composed on a young man named Ryan, whose mother speaks :

Maidens sing no more in gladness
To your merry spinning-wheels ;
Join the Keener's voice of anguish,
Feel for what a mother feels.

See the shou within my dwelling,
'Tis the cold blank shou of death :
'Twas the Bonshee's voice came swelling
Slowly o'er the midnight heath.

Keeners, let your song not falter—
He was as the hawthorn fair :
Lowly at the virgin's altar
Will his mother kneel in prayer.

* *Keen*, a song or lamentation poured over a dead body.
Keening, the act of singing a funeral song.

Prayer is good to calm the spirit,
When the Keen is sweetly sung :
Death tho' mortal frame inherit,
Why should age lament the young ?

'Twas the Bonshee's lonely wailing,
Well I knew the voice of death,
On the night-wind slowly sailing
O'er the bleak and gloomy heath.

Mordaunt came in as these last lines were uttered, and seeing the saddened expression of Bertha's face, he said that he was persuaded he could repeat some lines infinitely wittier and better.

" On the Bonshee ?" said Bertha, eagerly.

" No, not on the Bonshee," said her brother ;
" but on one who is far superior to all the Bonshees and Phookas in the world—on Mr. Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in :
" They are pleasant and cool," says Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn had no watch to put on,
So he scooped out a turnip to make him a one.
He next put a cricket close under the shkin :
" Whoo ! they'll think it is tickin'," says Bryan O'Lynn.

It was with difficulty that Mordaunt could get the words out, amidst repeated bursts of laughter.

“Inimitable Bryan O’Lynn!” said Sophia, “Mordaunt, I give you credit for finding out those verses: let us hear them again.” He repeated them, and it was acknowledged that they would bear repetition.

“I cannot,” said Miss Burke, “rival Brian O’Lynn; but there is some merit in the verses addressed to a pretty damsel, called the Star of Sweet Dundalk.”

In beauteous spring when birds do sing,
And cheer each myrtle shade,
And shepherd swains ser’nades the plains
To find their lambs that ’s stray’d,

Nigh Boden’s Grove I chanced to rove
To take a rural walk,
When to my sight appear’d in white
The Star of Sweet Dundalk.

Your beauteous face my wounds encrase,
And skin more white than chalk,
Makes me regret the day I met
The Star of Sweet Dundalk.*

* The Author is indebted to the Dublin Literary Gazette for these verses.

“ These ballads,” said Mrs. Grey, when the general mirth had a little subsided, “ are amusing, as giving you a very competent idea of the phraseology and idiom of the lower class. It has been said of Ireland that she sings polemics—the only nation in the world, perhaps, who set their religious controversies to music. I think, Sophia, you found a verse this morning that amused you exceedingly, in the Dublin Literary Gazette.”

“ Yes, indeed ; nor have I forgotten it.”

The blessed Virgin that we prize
The fairest fair above the skies,
On her the Heretics tell lies
When they would make conversions.

“ Oh !” said Miss Burke, “ I know two lines will throw yours completely into the shade.”

Tran-a-sub-a-stan-a-si-a-cy-a-shin
Is de fait in which we do diffind.

“ I acknowledge myself vanquished,” said Sophia, while Bertha laughed herself almost into hysterics, as Mordaunt placed himself before her, repeating, with a wonderfully exact imitation of the brogue:—

Oh ! Thady Brady, you are my darlin ;
You are my looking-glass from night till marning :
I love you betther without one fardin
Than Brian Gallagher wid house and garden. .

“ What a collection he has got already !” said Miss Burke. “ You are, indeed, an apt scholar, Mr. Mordaunt. I imagine, from your mirth, that such national poetry is new to you. You have none in England.”

“ Not of that description, certainly. Our national idiom is not so rich as yours ; and the old English ballads, though exquisite specimens of feeling and of pathos, are of a class too high to be compared to the ballads we have heard to-night.”

“ Ours,” said Mrs. Grey, “ has long been a peaceable country : objects of rivalry and dissension have passed away so completely, that our national peculiarities and prejudices slumber unexcited and unthought of.”

“ It is true for you,” said Mrs. Burke, as the gentlemen entered the room—and the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER IV.

MORDAUNT GREY was naturally inclined to distinguish himself. Of a bold, fearless temper, and a reflecting mind, he had, during his stay at Eton, taken an active part in the debating society which was established there by the Eton boys; and his mind was full of high ideas and false notions of true glory. Mr. Grey was desirous to give a fixed and lasting impression to his mind from what was passing around him; for, like all young politicians, he had utopian ideas of government; and liberty seemed to him, as it had done to others, the only shrine at which a generous mind could bow.

According to the plan he had proposed to himself, Mr. Grey invited his son to accompany

him to Clonmel, to witness the progress of the election. On their way the conversation turned upon the injuries Ireland is said to have received from England.

“This is a subject,” said Mr. Grey, “involving so many different and clashing interests, that it is very difficult to enter upon it without a greater knowledge of all the circumstances than commonly falls to the lot of most of those who yet decide very resolutely. In speaking of the troubles of Ireland, it is generally forgotten that, from the reign of Henry the Second to that of Henry the Eighth, England and the other continental states were in a very disturbed and unsettled condition; and that the elements which composed the kingdom of Ireland necessarily produced internal convulsions. First there were the Irish; then the English who came over with Earl Strongbow, and the followers of king John; and again, in the reign of Edward the Third, a third party in the English, who came over under his protection, and who were more favoured by him than the earlier settlers. It is also worthy of your attention, that those who complain most,

in the present day, of the long ill usage and sufferings of Ireland, are the descendants of those very persons who, at an earlier period, caused all the misery, anarchy, and rebellion which they reprobate. From the reign of Henry the Eighth, religious animosity has been added to political hatred. At that period, Ireland was firmly attached to the Catholic religion, and the larger portion of it continued Catholics, though the Reformation was proclaimed in England; and some years afterwards this difference in religion occasioned great bloodshed. The battle of the Boyne, in the reign of William, was gained by the Protestants, after a very severe struggle; and though the Catholics were subdued, they were not united to the Protestants. The same feeling has existed ever since, and has produced in its progress a mass of passion and misguided feeling that is at once intricate, yet obvious. The recent relief-bill has nominally done away this feeling; though, in fact, it has but induced a change of sentiment from one party to the other. The Catholics have now the upper hand—the Protestants consider that government with-

holds its favour from them. Men have arisen, in both countries, eminent for abilities, integrity, and high acquirements; yet none of them have been able to find out a panacea by which Ireland can at once be relieved from her distresses, and rise to its just level in the scale of civilized nations. Yet among the agitators of the present day there are men of limited connexion, and no influence on any but the lowest classes of the people, who start forward to pronounce themselves able to do away all the evils of Ireland at once; to unite all parties; and, in short, perform a miracle. These persons use the popular cry of 'liberty,' but they are in fact the enemies of the people; and their sole object is the aggrandizement of themselves. This is not the true legitimate love of liberty, in its best sense; and those who are deceived by it are commonly those whose youth and inexperience prevent detection; or the ignorant, whom no knowledge can improve. Observe the arguments used by the popular side in this election. Are they not all subversive of good order? What would the same men say, if in their own houses any one servant was to arise

and speak against them, and recommend rebellion? How prompt in such a case their measures would be to get rid of the offenders! Yet are they, as servants of the crown, men seeking to represent an important country, and yet talking in such a manner as to excite the restless, thoughtless people to rebellion. If the mob could ever judge wisely, they would feel that such a person was unworthy to become their representative. Examine his speeches, and see if such is not their tendency; and then apply to them the simple principle of obedience to the laws, and honour to the king."

By this time they had reached the suburbs of Clonmel, and met parties of military, escorting the voters of the Protestant candidates. Deafening shouts reached them from the crowd, and it was with some difficulty they made their way. They were effectually stopped, however, in front of the tally-rooms of the popular candidate. There they saw some of that freedom which he declared them to be deprived of. Persons who were pressing forward to vote for the other side were mobbed by the crowd, and carried,

against their consent, to vote for the popular party.

Mordaunt was indignant. "Why do they not resist?" he said. "How can they suffer themselves to be thus triumphed over?"

"If the mob could but take it, this lesson is worth a million of orations. This is the liberty they are, in reality, fond of—a liberty that shall place all other persons under their dominion."

A gentleman was at this moment stopped by the crowd. The most horrid yells were heard, and several of the mob pressed hard upon him. Some respectable men who were near, evidently came forward to defend him; but the crowd only grew more riotous. Mr. Grey and Mordaunt pressed forward eagerly to his assistance. The young man himself was perfectly cool and temperate.

"You may spare yourself the trouble," he said to the men who were insulting him; "I shall proceed, do what you will."

"Keep off, keep off!" shouted several voices; but the crowd were evidently striving to hustle him close to the wall, and in that case would

have done him serious mischief. Mordaunt and Mr. Grey still kept close to him, and they made some progress in spite of the crowd. A man collared Mordaunt, and he was upon the point of felling him to the ground, when his father interposed.

“Do not touch him,” said his father, “he is drunk;” and with a vehement effort Mordaunt disengaged himself from the irritating hand. The young stranger in the mean time remained perfectly calm: once he smiled on Mordaunt, but he looked scornfully at the crowd, and finally succeeded in reaching his own tally-rooms without any injury.

As they walked home, Mr. Grey remarked upon the little value that is to be placed on popular applause. “The person the crowd are now delighting in,” he said, “is a gentleman highly respectable, but quite unknown to them, and who has not one acre of property in the country; while the man you perceive they hiss whenever he appears, and whom they will not even suffer to address them, has himself always been favourable to the claims of the Catholics,

and voted invariably on their side; while his uncle, Lord Donoughmore, whose title he inherits, together with his property, has on all occasions befriended the Catholics, never failed them in the hour of trial, has a large property in the country, is a kind landlord and their steady friend, and yet you see how they reward their friends ! To-morrow, if Mr. Wise does not go all lengths with them, they will abandon him perhaps. Remember, my dear son, that there is nothing so vain, so unsubstantial, as popular applause."

Mordaunt listened with deep attention to his father. Fame, reputation, glory, are so dear to the young mind, that he could not be expected, under any convictions, to despise them; but he shrunk from the vulgar shout of admiration, and he proposed to himself a sweeter recompense in the well-judging and discriminating few. To Bertha and to Sophia he confided these hopes, and they received a new stimulus from the deep interest with which they were listened to by the one, and eagerly cherished and strengthened by the other. Each formed bright visions for the

renown of their brother, and stimulated him by their confiding affection to deserve them.

Though warmly pressed by the Burkes to pay them a longer visit, the English party were soon again on the wing; but before they left Tipperary, they went to visit a fine slate-quarry in the neighbourhood, and to observe the method of preparing the slates. The ride enchanted them; they passed through the finest woods, affording beautiful glimpses of the surrounding country, but as they approached the spot, the beautiful mountains at a distance, which formed the loveliest back-ground to the landscape, and the deep dark glen in which the quarry is situated, so full of varied beauties, excited fresh pleasure and unwearied praise. The mountain-stream and projecting rock, all combined to leave nothing to be desired. The young people were greatly amused to see the slates cut. They were brought from the quarry in thick masses, which were separated into thin flakes by the application of an iron instrument like a chisel, and a hammer. They were then removed to another place, where they were cut into square regular shapes, according

as their size would admit. This was done in a very simple manner: there was a small rim of iron like a scraper fixed firmly in the ground; a man held the edge of the slate on the iron, and struck the slate with a sharp instrument: the fracture was then straight. The largest are called queens, the next size duchesses, then countesses, and the fourth ladies, an arrangement of size sufficiently amusing, and which greatly entertained Bertha.

As they returned home to Mr. Burke's house, Mr. Grey enquired what might be the population of Tipperary.

"Of the entire county I suppose you mean," said Mr. Burke: "it is reckoned to contain about three hundred and forty-seven thousand inhabitants, and upwards of eight hundred thousand acres. Agricultural pursuits alone occupy the people; and the advantages of education to the poor are very carefully and extensively supplied."

"You have a great deal of reclaimable bog in this county, have you not?" enquired Mr. Grey.

"Full forty thousand acres, all lying in the

neighbourhood of limestone and gravel. It is very rich in coal, and has some of the finest mountains in Ireland. The land is in some places extraordinarily fertile, and improvements of every description are rapidly going on. The Suir is the only river of any size in the county, but the Shannon washes the western part of it. Anciently, Tipperary was divided into two great districts. The northern and mountainous, called Ormond, (a palatinate once subject to the ancient house of Ormond;) the southern, called Holy Cross, and tributary to the famous abbey of that name. This county abounds in interesting remains of antiquity, both military and ecclesiastical. Among the former, the most singular is the castle of Ardfinnon, built by king John; and the rock of Cashel, which we visited the other day, is exceedingly beautiful. To my mind, its picturesque position, standing on a precipitous rock, while the cathedral is grouped with square and round towers of unknown date, together with the curious chapel erected by Cormac Mac Cuilinn, king and archbishop of Cashel, in the year 901, present as singular and interesting an

assemblage as can be imagined, and which, I believe, no other county can surpass. And the exquisite workmanship still existing in Holy Cross, a few miles further, is highly deserving of notice. The county of Tipperary may certainly be said to be one of the largest and the most fertile in the kingdom. Nowhere is education more widely diffused: mineral productions are to be found in her mountains, and the mountains themselves are eminently beautiful."

"Man," said Mr. Grey, "seems the only growth that dwindles here."

"Not so," said Mr. Burke; "it has been a disturbed and turbulent county, I grant, but we are mending; and you will nowhere see a finer peasantry than that of Tipperary."

"It would be highly advantageous to the country," said Mr. Grey, "and is, I understand, perfectly feasible, to reclaim the bog and flooded land, which I am told amounts to nearly three hundred thousand acres."

"Yes," said Mr. Burke, "you have been rightly informed. The land is covered by the expansion of lakes and of rivers, arising from

obstructions both natural and artificial, which are daily accumulating. It is reckoned, that if these lands were made fit for cultivation, they would produce ten millions per annum of agricultural produce, which England now takes from foreign nations, and would then take from Ireland."

"Has any plan ever been proposed," enquired Mr. Grey, "to effect this desirable object?"

"The Irish red bog consists of a porous, spongy, undulating mass, generated by the capillary attraction of aquatic plants, resting on a retentive clay strata, called lacklea. It is impervious to water, and favourable to the growth of aquatic plants. The general plan recommended for reclaiming the Irish bogs, is to deepen and widen the bog streams, and also to deepen, widen, and render navigable, the rivers into which those streams fall; for lowering the beds of the rivers would not only drain the great expansions of lakes and rivers, but withdraw the water from the bogs also, which bogs have actually been created by the obstructions to the

discharge of their superfluous waters. Many of the rivers in Ireland now roll in beds twenty feet above their ancient channels. The bed of the Inny, in the county of Longford, was ascertained to have risen precisely three feet within the last forty years. At Moninea in Roscommon, it was also clearly proved that the bed of the bog stream had risen twenty feet in one hundred and twenty years; but this was not generally remarked, because the elevation of the boggy surface was in proportion to the rise of the bog stream."

"And what," asked Mr. Grey, "is the general plan proposed for draining these lands?"

"Drainage may be effected either by cutting a deep trench in the bog, or in preference, by deepening the bog stream. The masses of matter raised in cleansing the bottom will be found, in many cases, to be the most valuable manure for the reclamation of the bog surface, the central bogs of Ireland flowing over soft calcareous bottoms. But, to effect this, the levels of the adjacent rivers must be lowered, by which depression it is an acknowledged fact, that many

of them, such as the Inny, the Brusna, and others, would be rendered important lines of inland navigation. When bog streams cannot be made available, deep canals should be cut, which may sometimes repay the expenses of constructing, by the sale of the fuel so raised. The town of Poppinheim, in Germany, was built by the sale of turf raised in cutting a canal from a noisome bog to the river Ems, and now exists by that trade."

Mr. Grey's horse started at this moment, as a poor woman sitting by the road-side smoking rose unexpectedly, and in a drawling tone craved charity of his honour.

After they had passed, he enquired whether tobacco-pipes, of an ancient form, had not been found in Ireland.

"Yes," said Mr. Burke, "they are frequently found in digging or ploughing up the ground, particularly in the neighbourhood of those circular entrenchments called Danish forts, which were more probably the villages or settlements of the ancient Irish. These pipes are believed, by the peasantry, to belong to the Cluricaunes,

and when discovered are broken, as a kind of retort for the tricks which their supposed owners had played off. In the *Anthologia Hibernia*, there is a print of one which was found at Brannockstown, county of Kildare, sticking between the teeth of a human skull; and it is accompanied by a paper, which, on the authority of Herodotus, goes to prove that the northern nations of Europe were acquainted with tobacco, or a herb of similar properties, and that they smoked it through small tubes, of course, long before America was known."

"How curious and interesting," said Mr. Grey, "are these glimpses of the truth, which reach us from time to time. You remember, I dare say, the ship that was found some years ago when excavating under the city of Dantzic: in its hull several small clay pipes were found."

"The remains of an ancient vessel," said Mr. Burke, "were also found in a bog in the north of Ireland, but it was unfortunately destroyed by the peasantry; and like that dug out from an old branch of the river Rother in Kent, and that of Dantzic, must have lain there undisturbed for

centuries. The Irish vessel was supposed to carry from forty to fifty tons burden, from an examination of the size and form of the ribs and planks. It was found in Bally William Bog, in the liberties of Coleraine. Notwithstanding the injuries of time, the outside planks measured an inch and a quarter in thickness; but of them only small pieces could be traced. Some of the ribs were eight inches broad, five deep, and seven or eight feet long: neither keel nor mast could be discovered. These remains were torn up and carried off before the particulars were fully investigated. The timber was all oak, and several car-loads of it were drawn away. Some silver coins of Edward the Third were found in it, and several bones, which on being exposed to the air crumbled away."

"I remember," said Mr. Grey, "that the ship found at Dantzic measured from stem to stern fifty-four feet, and in breadth near twenty feet. A box of tobacco-pipes was found all entire, with heads about the size of a thimble, and tubes from four to six inches in length. The ship was like that found in Ireland, built of oak,

her planks about twenty inches broad, full of tree nails, and no iron about her, except her rudder bands. A boat was found near, which had fallen to pieces. Many human bones were in the hold fore and aft; and it is supposed that the vessel had been lost in some convulsion of nature before the foundation of the city, upwards of five hundred years ago, as the place had been so long built over."

The young people had listened attentively to this conversation, and Sophia expressed her great anxiety to get a sight of the drawings which had, she understood, been made upon the occasion. Her father promised to endeavour to procure them for her on her return to England.

"I have sometimes thought," she said, "that if one could but know all that has been done in the world, we should not be so wise as we think we are. I have a great idea, that in the vegetable world, at least, we are only making discoveries that have been made before, though they seem to us new. Tobacco, for instance, or at least, the use of some plant for smoking, has

evidently been of less recent invention than we imagine."

"In the vegetable world," said her father, "certainly, a large field is left for the imagination: but there are some modern inventions which were certainly unknown to the ancients; and of the application of many existing powers to the purposes of life they were quite ignorant. Chemistry was to them a dead letter, and of steam they knew nothing."

"And yet, sir, what wonderful things they performed."

"They did, in buildings and roads; but they were ignorant of the power of machinery in a very great degree. The application of mechanical power to supersede human labour was, as compared with modern invention, absolutely unknown."

The conversation was here interrupted by their arrival at Mr. Burke's; and the next morning they set off for the county of Wicklow, leaving with regret their kind friends, and with hearts half saddened at the prospect of the melancholy meeting they were to have with their widowed and childless cousin, Mrs. O'Toole.

O'Toole Castle lay in the wildest part of Wicklow ; but their first stage from Tipperary was Kilkenny. "The inhabitants of this town boast," said Mr. Grey, as they passed through it, "that they have fire without smoke, water without mud, air without fog, and that their streets are paved with marble : all which is said to be literally true. The marble hills about Kilkenny are very curious. The cathedral, you see, is a fine building, of the Gothic order. It is the seat of the bishop of Ossory ; and the castle, which we shall presently see better, was once the residence of the Duke of Ormond. The river Nore runs through the town.

"Now, now !" exclaimed Bertha, as the postillions drove rapidly forward ; "I see the tops of the battlements !"

In a few moments more the whole of the building was descried. It had an imposing appearance, viewed from the bridge ; and the water that flowed past it, and the trees at its feet, added greatly to its beauty.

As they passed through Carlow, Mrs. Grey remarked that it was famous for its butter.

“Ireland is a capital pasture country,” remarked Mr. Grey; “and the dairies are, commonly, excellent. The soil, which is remarkable for its fertility, rests principally upon a substratum of limestone; to which circumstance, in all probability, its fertility is mainly attributable. This valuable species of stone occupies the central district of the island, extending from Lough Erne in Fermanagh, in the north of Ireland, to the county of Cork; and from Dublin in the east to the county of Galway in the west—supporting and nourishing nearly two-thirds of the kingdom. Even the flat bogs of the country rest upon limestone. There is a beautiful species of brown marble, scarcely known beyond the Barony of Fermanagh. Statuary marble is found in Donegal and Galway; and also some very beautiful rose-coloured marble. The granite regions are Donegal in the north, Connaught in the west, in Down, and in Leinster. In the superficial blocks of granite, beryls of a bright green are frequently found, which bring a good price in the London and Edinburgh markets. The Connaught range of granite possesses quantities of

the green serpentine of the most exquisite colours. Ireland is exceedingly rich in minerals. The copper-mines have turned out uncommonly well. There are several of lead, which are equally productive. The silver-mines of Tipperary have not been worked since the time of queen Anne ; and the gold mines of Wicklow, the government have discontinued working these two years: they never paid, I believe, the expense of working them."

Here the postillion stopped, to say that he was going to enter Arklow ; and his honour had wished to be told.

"We have then," said Mr. Grey, "while we were talking, passed through a portion of Wexford. There is nothing, I believe, to be seen at Arklow : the town is poor and mean ; but on the bridge there is a fine view of the vale of Avoca. We are now about to go up the vale of Avoca ; and you will be, I am persuaded, enchanted with the scenery."

"That is a fine bridge," said Sophia, as they drove, not over it, but by a road which commanded a view of it ; "and the river is so broad that it has nineteen arches."

“ Arklow,” said Mr. Grey, “ has recollections in which we are concerned. The ruins of Arklow Castle, in their pride and strength, belonged to the Earls of Ormond, to whom it still gives the title of Baron. In 1331 it was besieged by the O'Tooles, the ancestors of that very person whose property I have just inherited ; but they were defeated with great slaughter, and repulsed from its walls.”

The very first entrance to the vale of Avoca is beautiful ; and the drivers were ordered to drive slowly, that none of its beauties might be lost. They passed Glenort, the seat of Lord Carysfort, of which they could see nothing but the beautiful woods ; and they arrived at the wooden bridge, delighted with all they had seen, and acknowledging that it surpassed their hopes. At this place they got out of the carriage to ascend a small hill, from which they saw, to great perfection, the second meeting of the waters. The sea formed a distant blue line on the horizon, on which the spires of Arklow seemed laid in dazzling whiteness. The two streams, after making a tortuous course, join on a small plat-

from it ~~from~~. The richest woods are spread on each side: and it wanted nothing to make it a truly lovely scene.

As they returned to the carriage, Mr. Grey remarked that from hence, if they thought it worth while, an excursion might be made to the Wicklow gold-mines; but that, not being now ~~visited~~, he thought it useless.

“The peasantry, on the first discovery of it, collected large sums, did they not?” said Sophia.

“In two months,” said Mr. Grey, “they collected two thousand six hundred and sixty-six ounces of pure gold, which was sold for ten thousand pounds. When government, however, interfered, and took it into their own hands, it produced much less, and was in consequence given up. It is, however, generally believed that native gold was found here centuries ago. The late Mr. Hume, of Humewood, who represented the county of Wicklow, was possessed of a watch, the cases of which are gold; and it is an undisputed fact, that the ancient Irish wore ornaments of gold before this precious metal had

been found on the European continent. One of these ornaments was found by a peasant the other day, and sold for forty pounds.

The vale of Avoca satisfied their most eager expectations. The glimpses of the water ; the stately edifices on the opposite side ; the beautiful variety of woods and scenery, valley and hill ; the serpentine winding of the water—all seemed to unite to make it a finished picture.

The inn at Avoca is very prettily situated, and was, in all the pride of summer, grown over with roses. While dinner was preparing, they went to see the first meeting of the waters ; and the guide showed them the very spot on which Mr. Moore sat while he made the verses on Avoca. There the party seated themselves also ; and the postilion, who had followed them, asked if they had heard Mr. Moore's verses on the meeting of the waters.

"Ask him to repeat them," whispered Bertha.

Mr. Grey did so ; and he complied immediately, holding in his hand a small switch he had cut from a neighbouring thorn. His enunciation

he said ; “ plenty of plain and simple fare, and a sufficient number of ponies to prevent fatigue.”

It was an excursion that promised pleasure to every one, and there was not a dissenting voice on the occasion. The vale and inn of Glenmalure are distant about five miles and a half ; and the road lies on the banks of the Avonley the whole way. They crossed the river at Ballynoclosh-bridge, and followed the road on the opposite bank. The vale from the meeting of the waters is soft and lovely in its character, and but ill prepared the party for the wild fastnesses of Glenmalure.

“ The name of this vale,” said Sophia, “ I was told at Avoca, signifies *the place of much ore*. I wonder if we shall find any.”

For a while they loitered on their road, in order to search for it, but this was found to impede their march ; so they gave up their golden hopes. At Drunkitt Hill they had the first view of Glenmalure. All stopped to gaze in deep admiration. The glen is four miles and a half in length, enclosed by lofty and almost inaccessible mountains, and from which, at the remotest ex-

tremity, there is no way of getting out, except by a pass over a high and rugged mountain. In the centre stands the barrack, a solitary house, faintly relieved from the dark mountains in the back-ground. It stood a monument of the crimes of past times; and in the unhappy disturbances of 1798, Glenmalure was the seat of much bloodshed.

"It was in these fastnesses, was it not," said Mrs. Grey, "that Teagh Mac Hugh O'Byrn or Bryn, of Ballinaen, occasioned so much anxiety in the reign of Queen Elizabeth?"

"If chosen well," said Mordaunt, "a hundred resolute men could defend it against a thousand invaders."

"Did you ever see a finer scene?" said Sophia. "The lofty mountains on each side, the Avonley flowing down the centre of the valley, and the unbroken series of hills, make an unrivalled picture of wild and desolate nature."

"I should not like, however, to live in the barrack of Drumgoff," said Mordaunt. "It must be a melancholy duty. I should not like civil war at all."

"The military road," said his father, "which

has been made through the country, has greatly facilitated the approach of the traveller to these wild regions, and also rendered them more tranquil. There is a very neat English inn at Glenmalure, where I propose passing the night. This will give us time to ascend Lugnaguilla, should any of the party be sufficiently venturesome ; and to see the lead-mines, which are very valuable."

Arrived at Wiseman's inn, the expedition for to-morrow was properly arranged. Sophia volunteered to accompany her father and brother: Bertha and Mrs. Grey remained at the inn till their return. During their absence Bertha visited every part of the innkeeper's little premises ; talked to him, to his great delight, of England ; and could even speak of the village from whence he came. She was treated with the greatest deference and respect ; and before half an hour was over, she had an offer of a young kid, a brood of chickens she had greatly admired, and a young kitten with whom she had had a game at play. Bertha looked at her offered subjects with regret. The chickens, in particular, were a great temptation ; and the kid was so playful, it was

very hard to say, No. But it was said at last; and she even came, in time, to wonder how she could ever have hesitated. She had just returned from a ride with her mother in another part of the glen, when the adventurers returned. At first, all was eager congratulations and hurried questions; but when Sophia had eaten something, and Mordaunt was off with his father, trout-fishing, Mrs. Grey and Bertha placed Sophia between them, and required from her a minute account of all she had seen and all she had undergone.

“Begin at the beginning,” said Bertha; and her sister prepared to oblige her. “The easiest ascent we could find,” she said, “was the front of Drumgoff Hill, whose surface is strewn with mica slate, curiously incurvated and contorted, and strongly resembling splinters of wood; besides occasional beds of quartz. After we had gained the top of Drumgoff, we followed the bed of a mountain-torrent, up a gentle vale, till we came to Kelly’s Lough, which is a small pool. The most difficult part of the journey followed. We climbed a steep precipice of loose

rubbish, or, as they termed it, *rubble*, and long grass ; a work of great difficulty, I assure you. It was then, Bertha, I rejoiced you were not with us. From the ridge above this steep, the dark cliffs of the magnificent mountain begin to appear. From thence to the summit the way lay over a smooth green sod, which makes an excellent sheep-walk ; and our guide justly remarked to us, that the great extent of Table Land, the summit of the mountain, was very extraordinary. The highest point is marked by a large stone, resting upon small and low supporters. It is called Pierce's Table. From this elevated spot we were told that, in clear weather, five counties were visible ; and that even the Gaulters of Tipperary are to be seen from thence. We were not so fortunate. An immense and wonderful prospect lay before us ; but I confess I could not distinguish all that my guide told me I ought to see. Towards the north, Kippure and the Great Sugar-loaf raise their towering summits to the clouds, beyond a lengthened chain of waste and barren country. The scene smiles to the west and south ; and to the east we

saw, at one glance, mountain and vale, wooded glens and rapid rivers, with St. George's channel in the distance."

"I wish now I had gone," said Bertha:—"only one little difficulty. Mother, are not you sorry?"

"No," said Mrs. Grey; "I like Sophy's description so well that I am not anxious to see the scene itself."

"And another thing we saw, Bertha," said her sister, "would have pleased you so! Over the inaccessible cliffs of Imaal, the eagle is constantly seen to hover."

"A real eagle!" said Bertha.

"Most real, I assure you; and the guide told me of an eagle in Galway, who once took away a woman's child in its claws, and flew off with it to its nest. The woman discovered it in time to save it. She flew rather than walked to the spot; and scrambling up the rock in a manner she would have shrunk from at any other time, she arrived just as the eagle had placed the child in the nest. She snatched at it. The bird of Jove was scared by the cries of those who accom-

panied her; and she reached the ground in safety, pressing her recovered child to her breast."

"Oh, what a wonderful escape!" said Bertha. "What courage she showed!"

"She was a mother," said Sophia. "She thought not of fear."

There was a pause, which Bertha broke by saying to Mrs. Grey, "Do not you think, mamma, that Sophy would act just like a Roman Cornelia, in difficult times?"

"She will do more, I trust," said Mrs. Grey: "she will be, I hope, a Christian—setting, herself, the example she wishes to see followed. In these times, each individual should be careful to set an example of submission to the laws, and of cheerful, steady continuance in the path of duty. One does not know how far the good influence may extend. But we are interrupting the thread of Sophia's narrative. She did not return, I think, by the same road she went."

"No, we descended the north side of the mountain, by the upper end of Glenmalure valley, to the grand waterfall called the Ess. Oh! how you would have admired that waterfall, and

how beautiful it was. Our guide told us that this place was the scene of a very tragical occurrence. An ill-fated outlaw, in endeavouring to escape from a party of military, pushed his horse at full speed down the mountain-side, and being unable to rein him in when he reached the precipice, both horse and rider went headlong down the steep, and perished at the instant they reached the bottom."

"Perhaps he did it on purpose to escape an ignominious death," said Bertha.

"No," replied her sister, "for he was seen to make the most desperate efforts to control him; but all in vain."

Bertha gave him the tribute of a sigh; and then drawing her chair close to her sister, she continued to retalk all she had just heard, till Mordaunt returned in triumph with a basket of fine trout, of which he was not a little proud.

It was decided, after some deliberation, that the visit to the mines should be given up. The gentlemen only could go there, and both Mr. Grey and Mordaunt had already seen several. They procured specimens of their value, but

The Outlaw.

Page 236



Page 250

Dwyer's Escape.



they did not visit them, proceeding to Glandalough, through a hollow between the mountains, which is part of the military road; and though on a considerable ascent, it was smooth and level. So many traditions are attached to the Saxon churches in the vale of Glandalough, that the imagination was prepared to be greatly excited.

It is a stupendous excavation, between one and two thousand yards in breadth, and about two miles and a half in extent. Lofty and precipitous mountains hang over it on every side, except on that by which it is entered, between Derrybawn on the south, and Braccagh mountains on the north. The eastern extremity of the vale is an extensive mead, watered by a deep, clear rivulet, fed by the lakes in the valley, and abounding with excellent trout. The party proceeded over a narrow but passable road, which led to the once famous city of Glandalough, which is the last place where a traveller must expect to meet with any refreshment; and a mile further is seen the gloomy vale, so famed for the retreat of St. Kevin from the beautiful Kathleen.

“How grand, how imposing is the solitude of nature!” said Sophia, as they left behind them all traces of human habitation and human pursuits, and moved on, like pilgrims, amidst the giant works of Nature. “Only look, Bertha,” she continued, “at the dark, overhanging cliffs of Lugduff, which are reflected in the stream below, with its own dark tints.”

“Here,” said Mr. Grey, “in this solitary place, are said to be evidences of the extraordinary greatness and learning of the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland. The abbey and churches of Glandalough owe their origin to St. Coemgen, or St. Kevin. He was born in 498, and in his after-life founded the monastery in the vale of Glandalough, together with the Seven Churches. The first ruin that we come to is usually called the Ivy-church. I remember it well, from knowing it when I was a boy. It is a small chapel, originally roofed with stone; at one end of which are the remains of a round tower, perfectly detached from the body of the church, although only by a few feet. But the ruins of this church

are too imperfect to detain us long. Let us pass on to the remains of Glandalough."

"Is it true," said Sophia, "that the origin of this city is attributable to a Briton? Shall I ask the guide?"

"I believe I can inform you," said Mr. Grey. "The origin of this city, and its celebrity as a seat of learning, are attributed to St. Macaray, a Briton, who having learned the fame of St. Kevin, and the miracles wrought by him, left his native country, and fixed his residence in a cell on the east side of Glandalough. A city soon sprang up. From its being the resort of learned men, a seminary was founded, from which many saints and exemplary men were sent forth, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the western world that light of letters and of religion, which in the earlier ages shone with so much brightness throughout this remote and, at that period, tranquil isle. Such, at least," concluded Mr. Grey, with a smile, "are the assertions of persons of credit and critical skill. How far they are deceived by their *amor patriæ* let us not too closely enquire."

The guide called their attention to a little paved space, of a quadrangular form, now called the Market-place, and which alone indicates the site of the ancient city. From this a paved causeway led to Hollywod, on the borders of the county of Kildare, through the vale of Glendason. The guide, with a smattering of knowledge, pointed it out to their observation, by the title of the little Appian Way. It is composed of blocks of hewn stone, placed edgewise, and is about twelve feet in breadth. As they passed on, with slow and meditative step, the guide called for their attention in a tone of peculiar solemnity; and having collected around him, in eager attention, the ladies of the party, he pointed out to them a rivulet, called St. Kevin's Keene, which he declared possessed miraculous powers on the festival of St. Kevin, and on all Sundays and Thursdays. "It was," he said, "particularly designed for unhealthy children; and he remembered a child of his own who had long been dwindling away, fairy-struck, as he believed, who, on being plunged into it on a Thursday before sun-rise, got quite well entirely;" and

when further questioned, " he declared it to be an illigent cure, and thankful he was for that same."

On approaching the ruins properly denominated the Seven Churches, Sophia stood enchanted by their romantic beauty. They were approached only by a succession of large stepping-stones in the Glendasone river, in front of an arched porch, sixteen feet in length by ten in breadth ; and looked, in that desolate place, like fairy creations. The guide, however, was too anxious to carry them off to the cathedral, to allow of their stopping long to follow the bent of their own fancies. The ruins, indeed, of this once splendid edifice are particularly striking. The original height of the walls cannot be easily traced. It was lighted evidently by three narrow windows in the southern wall. An arch of seventeen feet in breadth opens into the choir. The eastern window is embellished with chevron and other ornaments; and the mouldings bear impressed upon them the traces of legendary sculpture. The apertures by which light seems to have been admitted, were so small, that Sophia asked if they had ever been glazed.

The guide assured her that they never had ; and that, let the night be ever so tempestuous, a lighted candle placed in that window will not be blown out.

“ Would you like to try, and spend the night here ?” asked Sophia.

The man crossed himself. “ It has been done,” he said, in a low voice, looking all around him with a fearful expression ; “ but he was seen no more.”

“ What became of him ?” said Sophia, while Bertha drew near, in strongly-excited curiosity.

“ He was a wild young fellow ; and he made a wager that he would hold a candle to St. Kevin in this spot, in the dead of night. Many a glass of whisky he took when the hour came, and some thought that his heart failed him ; but he kept a good courage outermost, though small blame to him if he felt fearful within. He took the candle ; and some who followed afar off saw its small clear ray thrown over the dark plain, with mighty clearness. It was surprising, they said, how the small flame could show so far ; but at length a dark high shadow came between it

and those who looked upon it. Fearful sounds were heard; the voice of the Bonshu screamed upon the wind; and all became dark as the grave. Phil Castello was found the next morning, with a small black mark on his forehead, where the finger of St. Kevin had impressed the seal of death. Oh! the tears of his widdied mother, and the keening at the funeral. Oh! it was an awful day; and the poor widdy didn't live long after him any way. She visited his grave every day, and in three months was laid beside him, the crature."

Sophia touched Bertha, whose eyes were fixed with intense interest on the speaker. She started and smiled; but before she could put a question about the poor widow, Mr. Grey called off the guide to explain to him why a wolf-dog is represented holding a serpent in his mouth; on the frieze of a broad moulding, beside the arch of the great window.

"The rason, your honour, is this: while the cathedral and the churches were building, a large serpent came every night from the brook, and undid all that the labourers had done in the

day—just like Penelope of auld, your honour. The saint, however, ingaged a wolf-dog of his own, who killed the divil's imp; and he had the story written in stone, and the lake has ever since been called the Lake of the Serpent."

"And this willow," continued Mr. Grey, pointing to another part of the frieze, where the saint is represented embracing a tree, "this also, I suppose, has its particular meaning."

"Oh! very particular, your honour. A young man, a near relation of St. Kevin's, was tuk with a sickness that seemed like death. It was in the month of March, and sorrow an apple there was on the trees, or the blossoms of promise hardly; yet the sick man tuk an idea into his head, that if he could but get an apple, he should be well. He told St. Kevin of his dhrame; and the saint, in great trouble, walked out into the fields: there, raising his eyes, he saw a willow with three apples on it. Strange fruit, your honour will say, for the willow! But it was only the more particular that St. Kevin should find it; for the sick man had no sooner tasted of that same, than he was well directly.

Sure, we'd like a St. Kevin now, your honour," said the man, with sly humour.

Mr. Grey smiled and assented, and asked him whether St. Kevin had not shown great wisdom in directing the labours of those who were employed in the pious task of erecting the sacred building.

"And its true for him," said the guide; "for the labourers were all wasting away, and had no more strength, or pleasure in life, than a new-born baby; and he heard that they were regular to the maxim that says, 'Rise with the lark, and go to bed with the lamb.' Now the lark rose so early, that the labourers had no rest at all at all. So St. Kevin prayed that the lark might never be permitted to sing in the valley of Glendalough, which petition the Virgin granted; and no lark has since been heard to raise its note in this solitude. Mr. Moore the poet says of it, as I have heard the visitors say,

By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er.

And here," said the guide, leading the way to a

a small building detached from the cathedral, "here is the sacristy, where the relics (and he crossed himself) and the religious vestments were preserved; and visitors are recommended to turn round three times in this closet, to prevent future head-aches."

Bertha readily did so; but having continued her pirouettes beyond the allotted number, the guide reproved her, and she had to begin it all over again to please him. He then led the way to the confused heaps of stone round the ruins, and pointed out a stone bearing three figures: that in the centre he explained to be some holy person; on the right hand stands a pilgrim leaning on his staff; and on the left is a sinner, extending a purse of money as a commutation for heaven.

"This must be only tradition," said Mr. Grey; "and I remember Dr. Lanigon, in his work of Irish Antiquities, ridicules this explanation, which I believe was first given by Ledwich."

Sophia stopped before the trunk of a decayed yew, which stood in the church-yard.

“Och!” said the guide, “the gentry have had all the fair branches cut off to make cabinet-work; and its pity on the auld tree too, for it became the auld place well.”

Sophia looked at the guide with some surprise at the justness of his remark, and then turning to her mother, she said:—

How many hearts have here grown cold,
That sleep these mould'ring tombs among !
How many beads have here been told !
How many matins here been sung !

On these rude stones, by time long broke,
I think I see some pilgrims kneel ;
I think I see the censer smoke,
I think I hear the solemn peal.

But here no more soft music floats,
No holy anthems chaunted now—
All hush'd, except the owl's shrill note,
Low murmuring from yon broken bough.

“And it's all true,” said their guide, Leary Lanty by name. “’Twas a beautiful place once, and the finest of larning was taught here; but it's like Ireland—it's glory is past away—it's in ruins.”

Mr. Grey smiled at this touch of politics, but he took no notice of it; and Lanty was soon so much engaged in making Bertha go through the ceremony of embracing the cross, that he had no leisure to follow up his favourite topic of the grievances of his country. Many crosses were scattered about, but to this one particular cross certain miraculous properties were attributed; but it was first necessary that the votaries should embrace the cross.

Bertha walked straight up to it, and threw her arms around it; but they were a world too short to compass it. Lanty smiled. "Go to the narrow side, jewel!" he exclaimed, "and there thry." Bertha did so, and her success was complete. "There is skill in all things," said the guide; "and may the blessings of the cross light on you! and good luck to you and yours."

The next church to which they were conducted was that of Our Lady. It was greatly in ruins, but appeared to be in better taste. The door-way was admirably executed. The eastern window is like that of the cathedral, but now in

ruins; and as they passed, they felt a degree of melancholy regret that where art, and science, and piety had once flourished, there should now be only their faint and doubtful indications.

St. Kevin's kitchen is in the most perfect preservation of all the Seven Churches. It is roofed with stone, and has a steeple at one end, a complete miniature of the Pagan round towers. It was lighted by one window. The architrave was of freestone, and richly sculptured; but, from a strange want of good taste and feeling, it had been taken away and ground into powder for domestic purposes.

"St. Kevin's kitchen," said Mr. Grey, "is one of the few remaining stone-roofed buildings in Ireland. The finest specimen, however, of this kind we saw, you may remember, at the rock of Cashel, the interior of which was finished in a richer and chaster style than any of our modern buildings. It is called Connor's chapel. St. Daulaghs, near Dublin, is another interesting remains of the same species. The river flowing from the upper lake divides St. Kevin's kitchen from the Rheferst church; but Lanty

stopped them as they were walking on, to show them a stone called the deer-stone.

“ Now, Lanty,” said Bertha, “ I see some strange story in your eye : let us have it.”

“ It is a cruel strange story,” said Lanty, “ and highly true of St. Kevin, long life to him ! There was a poor man who lost his wife just as she had brought him a poor, dwiney, helpless baby ; and what could the father do for it, and the mother of it lying dead before his eyes—and the child sighing to itself, and not liking the cold world into which it was come at all at all—and small blame to it ? Well, the poor father went to St. Kevin’s grave, and there begged relief for the child ; and sure enough St. Kevin heard him, and he was tould to be every morning at a certain hour near Rheferst church, where there was a stone with a little round hole in it like a cup ; and there (would you think it ?) a deer came every morning and shed its milk into the little basin in the stone, which your honour can see to this day. And the child lived and became a man—barring it was a girl.”

"We are on the high road of miracles, I perceive," said Mr. Grey, as the guide stopped before some stones, with what Bertha called his ominous look.

"These stones," said Lanty, "were once bread: there was a great scarcity in those times once, and St. Kevin met a woman with a sack on her shoulder, and five big loaves in the sack. 'What have you got there?' asked St. Kevin, misdoubting her. 'Stones, your reverence,' for she was afeard that may-be some of them might be taken from her little family; but the saint was too 'cute for her. 'Stones!' he said; 'if they are not so already, I pray they may be made so;' and at his word these five stones rolled out of the sack, and the poor cratur went home without a morsel for her family."

Bertha and Sophia listened with interest to these traditions: they were entertained by the mixture of simplicity and roguery in the character of Lanty, and at every pause he made, expected some new legend; nor were they disappointed. Beneath the dark and frowning cliffs of Lugduff, on a little patch of arable land, are

the ruins of a church called the Temple of the Desert. Here was St. Kevin's cell, where he spent the season of Lent. Lanty showed the cell with great pride and reverence.

"It was," he said, "at this window that the saint was extending his hand in prayer, when a blackbird came and dropped her eggs into it; and his reverence never stirred hand or arm till the eggs were hatched, glory on him!"

"Ah," said Sophia, "I have read that before, in Drennon's Glendalough.

Extended stiff on wither'd hand,
To which the blackbird flew distress'd,
And found a kind protecting nest;
There dropp'd her eggs, while outstretch'd stood
The hand, till she had hatch'd her brood."

Lanty was delighted with the verses, and ever after showed a particular respect to Sophia: perhaps he felt that his story required confirmation. Amongst the extensive remains at Glendalough, the abbey appears to exhibit the most masterly specimens of architecture. It originally consisted of two buildings, parallel to each other, and of curious and beautiful workmanship. The

eastern window was ornamented with rich sculpture: some of the carved stones were removed, and made key-stones to the bridge at Derrybawn. But some curious devices are still seen: on one is an enraged wolf with its tail in its mouth, the whole figure within a triangle, which might be an emblem of the Trinity. On another are two ravens picking a skull.

“These,” said Mr. Grey, “are mere emblems of mortality; but every thing around us indicates the most remote antiquity, combined with a degree of elegance and architectural knowledge, that give us a high idea of the learning and the taste of those times, though no one has ever yet been able to fix their date exactly. There is an object,” he continued, pointing to the round towers, “which has effectually baffled all the researches of the learned. There are, in Ireland, sixty round towers, and their use has never been discovered. By the Irish peasants they are called the Belfry, and by antiquarians, Anchorite Towers, where religious persons retired for the sake of reading and prayer; but it is conjecture all. They were generally divided into stories,

The fair Kathleen was descended from a mighty race, and endowed, as he assured them, with rich domains. Having heard of the fame of St. Kevin, then a youth, she went to listen to his religious admonitions. "But," as Lanty remarked, "tender sentiments were mixed up with her religion; she loved the truth for the preacher's sake. She thought of him always, and unknown to herself she was always following him, the cratur. St. Kevin gave her no thought at all, he was a rare saint," said Lanty, "and when he found she came so often in search of him, he removed to his hard couch in Lugduff, where we have just been, your honour. Poor Kathleen missed him soon enough, poor thing! and she watched on this side, and her eye and heart looked every way, but St. Kevin was no where to be found. At last, the favourite dog of the master met her, and fawned upon her, and then turned swiftly home. And what did poor Kathleen do? why, she followed him; her tender feet minded not the way, for her heart was glad, poor thing: well, its all written above. She came where St. Kevin lay in a soft sleep; she

clasped her hands, the cratur, and hung over him with the tear of joy in her eye. St. Kevin waked; and the moment he saw a female hanging over him, he grew fearful of himself, and all on a sudden, after one look, pushed her into the lake below. I'll engage, then, that he loved her," said Lanty: "any how, if he was'nt a saint, it was a bad return for him to make. She riz a moment, and St. Kevin is said to have repented and prayed that heaven would save her from a watery grave:

Fervent he pray'd that Heaven would save
The maid from an untimely grave:
His prayer half granted, like the mist of morn,
Her floating form along the surface borne,
Shone bright, then faded in the dawning ray,
To light converted from his gaze away.

Was'nt he a rale saint, your honour? What man would have detroyed one who loved him but the blessed St. Kevin, glory to him for ever!"

After this story, Lanty seemed to have reached the climax of his eloquence, and they went back to their humble inn in meditative silence, partly the effects of over excitement, and partly of

fatigue. Before Lanty parted with them, however, he enquired what was their destination; and when he heard they were going to Animoe, to take possession of a property which descended from the O'Tooles to them, his feelings hardly knew how to vent themselves. First, however, there were tears, real genuine tears, for the "fair young blossoms," nipped in their prime, and deep compassion for the poor young widdy, left all alone; and Lanty's honest sorrow drew tears from the young hearts listening to him. Then he changed his tone, and wished good luck and long life to the new reign; and turning to Mrs. Grey, he hoped that the children would long be round her, and hoped that no sorrow might reach them at Castle Toole. "Its seer enough," said Lanty, "three gone, and the poor mother alone!"

At this moment Mordaunt returned, accompanied by the landlord's son, a boy of about ten years of age. Mordaunt had had a day of exquisite enjoyment; he had been scrambling by himself all over the mountains, fishing in some of the lovely lakes, and heeding neither time nor danger; had had a glorious ramble, in which he

had not risked his life above ten times. He had returned through Glendakough, and by the dint of a little assurance, described it almost as well as those who had passed the day there. He had a basket of fine trout, and returned as hungry as a hunter. Lanty stood and admired him, and sharing the joy his presence gave, said, "The father's eye and mother's heart are wid you; long may you be spared, for you're the very moral of the family. You've got the dark eye and the dark curling hair, and their courage too, darling; and if he's your only one," he continued, turning to Mrs. Grey, "God spare him to you, and my blessing, and all the saints be wid you;" and Lanty departed.

That evening was spent in mutual details of all they had seen. Mordaunt regretted St. Kevin's bed, because he understood it was difficult to get to it; but to all traditions his mind was impenetrable: even in Kathleen he took no other interest than in abusing the brutality of St. Kevin. Bertha tried to coax him into what she called a more humane temper, but all her efforts were vain; he only laughed at the blackbird's

perching on the hand of St. Kevin, and called her a goose for her pains; and his raillery was only suspended by an inclination to sleep, which he soon found it expedient to indulge, and he retired to bed. The rest of the party were willing to follow his example, but Bertha had collected so many treasures, so many pieces of stone, and so many curious minerals, that it was a work of time to pack them away, especially as they were to be off early in the morning. With Sophia's assistance, the necessary arrangements were all completed, and they retired to rest contented and happy.

CHAPTER V.

THE day was as bright as usual, and nature as lovely, but the hearts of the travellers were this day sad: each shrunk from the painful meeting they were to have with Mrs. O'Toole, and each seemed to mourn those whom they had never seen. The road was wild, bleak, and desolate. They stopped at Glennacanass, and visited the waterfall, which is rather curious than grand. The water falls in a considerable volume down a perpendicular rock, from a basin of immense dimensions, formed by nature; and the spiral winding of the road round it presents a very singular appearance. At this waterfall the mineralogist meets with great treasures. Beryls, garnet, and tourmaline, are found imbedded in the granite, and the rock itself is particularly fine

in its texture. Felspar, crystals of no common beauty, and three inches in length, are found in the porphyritic granite at the head of the waterfall, and some of the finest specimens of gneiss are also found here. Sophia earnestly helped Bertha in her search for specimens, and assisted her with all her knowledge; but the day was wearing away, and at length they were obliged to consent to buy their best specimens of a man who kept them on purpose for travellers, and then hastened back to the carriage. The clock struck three as they passed the bridge of Animoë, and the first glance of Castle Kevin made every heart beat quicker. On one side are the ruins: the modern mansion* is to the left. Piers Gaveston, the minion of Edward the Second, fortified it, and lived here when banished from England. The carriage drove on through the bleak and desolate wild, and at length it reached the castle, passed through the portal, and stopped. The door-bell was rung violently by the postillion. The moment that intervened

* It may perhaps be as well to say, that the modern mansion is a fiction: the ruins are exactly as described.

till it was opened, seemed an age to the anxious groupe within. At length the thronging domestics appeared, all in deep mourning, some grey-headed, and having passed their lives in the family. On the faces of these an expression of habitual anxiety and care struggled with a natural curiosity, as Mr. Grey and his family alighted.

“And Mrs. O’Toole,” said Mrs. Grey, gently, to an old woman who was passing eagerly forward, “how is she?”

There was a dead silence at these words; and the sobs of the women were heard, while the men drew their rough hands across their eyes.

Mrs. Grey sighed, and in silence they moved on to the drawing-room.

Mrs. O’Toole was there to receive them: a pale, thin, and emaciated figure; whose large, dark eyes, in the very prime of life, seemed quenched in tears. She rose, passed by Mr. and Mrs. Grey, and moved on to the young people. One by one she gazed on them; but Bertha fixed her attention. Her age, her height, completed the illusion. She threw her arms round

her, and kissing her, wildly called on Florence, with a voice that drew tears from all. Down Mordaunt's cheek they flowed unconsciously; while the group of servants, collected at the door, with deep sighs and mournful words, uttered their sympathy.

Again and again Mrs. O'Toole gazed on Bertha with increasing wildness. She urged her to speak—to look at her again; but when she obeyed her, the illusion vanished, and the sobs of the bereaved mother alone broke the stillness of the scene.

This could not last long. Nature had been over excited; the sobs grew fainter and fainter; and she sunk on a sofa, in a state of complete exhaustion. She was removed to her own room, and an opiate administered; but it was hours before her sympathizing relatives could be restored to any composure. Bertha still clung, trembling, to her mother; and Sophia and Mordaunt were grave and sad. The first thing that roused them was an invitation from the housekeeper, to walk over the house. “My lady sleeps now,” she said: “let me show you

those who will never look on mortal face again."

With intense yet suppressed curiosity, each followed her into a large room, without any furniture. The first picture they saw was that of the eldest boy. He was represented as about seven years of age; and in all the life, and glee, and rosy health of that engaging age.

"The picture," said the old nurse, "was yet wet when he died. He went out on his pony as gay and as fair as the souls of the good, and he returned a lifeless corpse. Sorrow has been to this house since; but none like that, for it was our first. The doctor came, and we still hoped; but no blood followed his lancet: the poor arm shrunk not from the pain. Oh! will I ever forget that day, or the first sorrow of a mother's heart! The English priest stood by and would have spoken, but his tears fell with ours; and we liked him the better ever since." Bertha wept bitterly as she gazed, and every eye was dim with sympathising tears. The next picture was that of a boy about ten years of age. His fishing-rod and basket were in his hand, and his whole figure

had an air of dignity and energy that was very singular. His face was pale and thoughtful; his forehead high; and a book, thrown into a corner of the fishing-basket, seemed to describe his habits and his feelings. "Joy and life," said the old woman, "were in the other, and we thought he would live for ever; but him we knew that we should lose. He was not of this world: Heaven took him for his own. But oh! the anguish with which the mistress saw death's finger on that noble brow! How she prayed he might be spared to her, and live, live to bless her! But he told her not to ask it, and he spoke the only words she could bear to hear. He told her they would meet again, and she believed him. He died, and my lady shed no tear. She threw herself on the cold, cold corpse, and kissed it with all a mother's love. But she obeyed his last wish, and shed no tears for him; but they fell on her heart, and from that hour grief and care have never left her."

There was a long pause; every eye seemed fearful to turn upon the only remaining portrait, for every heart knew that that blessing

had been also withdrawn ; and the old woman herself seemed struggling with feelings she could not suppress.

Mrs. Grey gently urged her not to agitate herself further, and that another time she might acquire more nerve ; and she motioned to go.

“ True for ye,” said the old woman, as she rose from the chair on which she had seated herself ; “ true, ye may forget, but I think of her all day long ; and the sorrow you now see is the sorrow I shall carry to my grave.”

She now stood opposite the full-length picture of Florence O'Toole, her aged hands clasped, and her eyes full of unutterable anguish. Her dim eyes gazed intently on the features, and every eye followed hers. It was the picture of one who, though young, wore the traces of patrician beauty. The dark eye, and darker hair, parted simply on the perfect forehead ; the aquiline nose ; a mouth that smiled with the brightest meaning on the mournful gazers ; and, over all, the full, soft contour of childhood, completed the expressive picture. It was a portrait of no common beauty ; and the old woman still

looked at it with idolatrous affection. "You may weep," she said to the young Greys, "but I cannot. She is gone—they are all gone! and the right branch will flourish no more: its root is in the grave. My ould heart is sinking within me, for I lived but for her. Her voice—Oh! if you never heard that, you have missed the music of the world. I'm fit for nothing now; but I'll soon be beside her." And she stopped, almost unconscious that she had spoken. The eyes of her grieving auditors were yet unsatiated with a melancholy spectacle: eagerly they perused every lineament of a face that bespoke no common mind. But Norah could not remain long any where: in the restlessness of her grief she was perpetually moving about; and she now turned away with a look of deep and earnest affection, and led the way through a long corridor. "Here they slept," she said, as she opened the door of a room; "nothing has been touched since—all that belongs to them are there—but they are gone!" and she sat down in silence. The room had belonged to the eldest boy; his toys were still there; the playthings that had last amused

him remained as they had dropped from his hand ; and all seemed to speak of the existence of one who had been long dead. A door opened to his brother's room. There was the book half closed at the very page on which his eyes had last rested ; flowers yet lay on the table, withered, as he had placed them ; and the remains of the funeral pall were yet spread upon the bed. The impression of the lifeless corpse was there also ; nothing had been touched since ; and Death here seemed to have left his saddest traces. In the chamber of Florence the reality seemed yet more anxiously impressed on the minds of all. The watch lay on the table, as it had stopped that night : it had been wound up no more. A single plume of feathers hung suspended to the head of the bed ; on a table lay her handkerchief and smelling-bottle, and a thimble was beside them. Her frock hung against the wall ; her books were scattered about ; and a globe with gold fish was placed on a little table by the bed, as though she had asked to look at them. The inmate seemed for a moment only to be absent awhile, but there were hearts who

knew that she would return no more. Norah's grief seemed to have spent itself; she ceased to speak; her heavy eye glanced round the room with a look of dull recollection; and her countenance expressed exhaustion more than sorrow. But as she caught sight of the watch, her feelings underwent a sudden change. "Ochone!" she said, "it stopped when she died. I was looking at it, and sudden it ceased to tick. I looked up and saw her sweet face still and cold—will I ever forget that day?" And again she gazed with a dull and bewildered look, and followed, passively, when they kindly led the way to another room. Of the house, she had nothing more to tell. She had but two haunts, the corridor and the picture-room; and there her life was spent, and there at length she died. A few weeks after the arrival of the Greys, she was found in the room that had once been Florence's, with her head on the pillow. She was alive, but she spoke no more, and died within a few days, from grief that knew no consolation. She was a Catholic, and but little instructed; and she had never learned to look to that promise

that says, "I shall go to them, but they will return to us no more." Her earthly idols were removed, and her heart had no principle of religion to supply their place.

"Such," said Mrs. Grey, on the death of Norah, "is the effect of sorrowing as those who have no hope. While we forbear to censure her severely, let us be careful not to follow her example. Our rest is not here."

"Mamma," said Bertha, "do you think that Mrs. O'Toole will ever be happy again?"

"Resigned, I trust," said Mrs. Grey, "she may become; but not perhaps happy, in your sense of the word. Her grief is yet recent. Florence has not been dead three months yet; and she was her last, her only child."

It was for some time doubtful to Mr. and Mrs. Grey, whether the presence of their children did not increase her sorrow. When, however, they proposed moving, she was so seriously distressed, that they postponed their return to England; and though she constantly fixed a day for her own departure, yet, when the time came, her courage failed her: she could not resolve to quit

a place where she had at once been so happy and so miserable. Gradually, however, she became attached to her new relatives, and the presence of Bertha always gave her particular pleasure; and at last it occurred to Mrs. Grey that she might, perhaps, be induced to accompany them to England, and she proposed the idea to Mr. Grey. He gave it his hearty approbation, and thought it infinitely better than her remaining alone in Ireland, or living alone in England; for she had few near relations. Nor was it long before Mrs. O'Toole was brought to think it a place that promised to give her all the satisfaction she could taste in this world. She could revisit Ireland with them; and though she long hesitated, yet when she saw them preparing to quit her native land, she determined to accompany them.

"I shall not be able," said Mr. Grey to his son, "to reside wholly in Ireland: I have duties to perform in England that cannot be relinquished; but when you are of age, perhaps you may take a fancy to the place, and remain here. I dislike being an absentee landlord, and in Ireland the mischief is greater than in England;

but I shall obviate it as much as possible, by visiting this property as often as I can. I shall imitate the Marquis of Lansdown, who visits his estates in Ireland frequently, and by so doing, it is acknowledged, does away with a great deal of the disadvantages attending non-residents."

The party were delighted with the prospect of visiting Ireland again, and at length the day for their departure arrived ; but such was the state of mind into which Mrs. O'Toole was thrown, that her very reason seemed shaken, and it was impossible to remove her. To leave her seemed equally out of the question ; and as it was necessary that Mordaunt should return to Eton, it was at length agreed that he and his father should proceed to England alone, and that the Greys should make arrangements for remaining in Ireland till the autumn ; and by that time it was hoped that a calmer state of mind would be enjoyed by their unhappy cousin. It soon appeared that some decided change must take place ; and the physicians seemed to apprehend that her health and strength were declining fast. She

remained for many days after her attempt to leave the Castle, in a state of stupor ; and feeling that they could do little for her, and dreading the effects of such continued scenes of distress on the minds of the young people, Mrs. Grey proposed that they should accompany their father to Dublin, and afterwards return to St. Kevin's Castle. The physician and his wife remained in the mean time at the Castle ; and leaving Mrs. O'Toole still unconscious of their absence or their presence, all felt, as they issued from the gate, a load removed from their spirits ; and, after the first stage, smiles and joy returned once more amongst them. Yet it was a chastened mirth ; and Bertha often checked herself in the midst of her joyful sallies, as though it had been wrong. " Why is it," she said, " that I am not so happy as I used to be ? There is nothing now to make me sorry ; yet when I laugh, I feel ready to cry also."

" It is only," said her mother, " because your spirits have been so long depressed, and that our immediate habits have the greatest influence over us. But you may be happy now, my dear

child : there is here no sad heart to wound by your mirth."

The first place of any particular interest at which they arrived was Newtown Barry, the seat of Lord Farnham. Sophia stopped the carriage as they were entering the town, to take a view of the bridge, the "toppling steeple," and the line of hills behind it. It was like an English scene, she said; and she sketched it with particular pleasure.

The village is uncommonly pretty, being built in a kind of square, with a large, open, airy space in front of the village inn, which Bertha compared to the inn at Calombre, in Miss Edgeworth's *Absentee*. Every thing was in neat condition, and well attended to. The flower-garden at Lord Farnham's was a source of great amusement to the young people; and Sophia had sufficient botanical knowledge to appreciate the beauty of the arrangement, and the worth of the collection. Bertha was charmed with the moss-house; but the waterfall disappointed them all. There had been a long succession of dry weather, and the water rather

dripped than fell. The drive through the grounds is very beautiful; and one particular point of view, in which the river and the opposite wood and hills were seen to great advantage, was particularly admired. The next day they fell again into the main road; and passing by their favourite inn, where they only stopped to change horses, they made a rapid progress to Power's Court. The carriage stopped at the gate leading to the Dorgle, and they alighted to walk through it.

“The word *dorgle*,” said Mr. Grey, in answer to a question of Sophia's, “is probably derived from a corruption of *dork glen*; or, as some say, from the Irish word *dorglin*, which signifies *glen of the oaks*.”

Either name would suit this romantic spot, which is a wild wooded glen, through which a narrow pathway only is left for the foot-passenger. The hills on each side are thickly wooded; but the deep dark shade of this spot has been considerably altered by a road that was cut through it to admit the carriage of his late majesty to pass. But such is the nature of

the place, that vegetation soon repairs such injuries.

The view on emerging from the Dorgle is exceedingly beautiful ; and rock and water, rising and level ground, and every possible variety of tint and colouring, combine to produce an exquisite picture. The carriage met them at the end of the Dorgle, and they then proceeded through the grounds to the waterfall. Having had permission to go by the new road that had been cut on the king's visit to Ireland, they enjoyed, with a keen relish, the various beauties that claimed their attention. The road was shadowed with lofty trees; and through occasional openings, glimpses of the great and little Sugar-loaf mountain are seen. On entering the deer-park, the driver drew up, to allow them to admire the landscape from the gate. It presented an uninterrupted view of the valley of Glencree, about four miles in length, through a wild and desolate pass, overhung on either side by rugged mountains. Beneath lay the excavation of Lough Bray, one thousand four hundred and ninety feet above the level of the ocean, from which

issues a stream, as from a crater, that waters all the valley. About one hundred feet below Lough Bray is seen Glencree barracks, to which distance gives an unreal grandeur: they command an entire view of the glen, and look like some lordly mansion in the wilderness.

Long and loud was the admiration that this scene excited, and the Irish drivers, who had alighted, stood by the side of the carriage and enjoyed their expressions of delight.

“Ould Ireland for ever!” said one of them, “and whin we have a parliment of our ownst, we shall bate all the world.”

“Politics in this scene,” said Mr. Grey, as they at length drove on, “seem particularly out of place; but where is it, after all, that faction will not find its way?”

“The waterfall! the waterfall!” shouted Mordaunt from the box, and every eye followed the direction of his hand.

It was seen dimly at first, like a white cloud in the sky, but every nearer advance showed them more clearly the feathery foam as it seemed to glide slowly down a precipice of three hun-

dred feet: as they stood on the rustic bridge which had been thrown over the stream at the bottom of the fall, they looked up to the immense cataract above and trembled. Mordaunt, who was adventurous to a fault, was darting off to climb the rocky bed of the torrent, which he understood was practicable; but his father laid his commands upon him not to attempt it.

“A few years ago,” he said, “a young man, as rashly enterprising as yourself, made the attempt, and was, in sight of his companions, precipitated a lifeless corpse into the torrent below.”

“His tread failed, I suppose,” said Mordaunt.

“Not so,” said his father: “he showed the greatest courage and presence of mind; for having outstripped his companions, and turned out of the regular path, in order to find a shorter way to the top of the waterfall, he came to a spot where he could neither advance nor retreat, and perceiving his awful situation, he took off his shoes and stockings, in order to give him a better hold of the rocks, but in vain—the next

step hurled him into the abyss below, and his friends were witness of his melancholy fate."

Mordaunt said no more, but he eyed the torrent with an eager, wishful expression: had he dared, he would have climbed to the very spot, for the pleasure of overcoming difficulties by which another had been destroyed: such is the vain confidence of inexperience!

His father, who understood all that was passing in his mind, took this opportunity to remark to him, that there was a wide difference between true courage and rashness, and that there was a positive fault and sin in venturing uncalled into such local dangers as no prudence could remedy, or courage subdue; and Mordaunt acknowledged that his father was right, even while he wished to act contrary to his opinion. On returning from the waterfall, they drove to Bray, but stopped in its vicinity to see Kelruddery House, the seat of the Earl of Meath. It is almost a solitary specimen, in Ireland, of the architecture of the latter end of Henry the Eighth's time, and the beginning of Elizabeth's. The pleasure-grounds are laid out with great uniformity, which

seems to agree with the style of the building, and the travellers remarked the arbutus, which had grown to an immense height in this spot. The outside of the house is decorated with rich carving, and the windows are surmounted by open-work balustrades. The entrance is beneath an octagonal tower, crowned with a cupola rising in the centre of the building. Within, the wainscots were lined with oak in the baronial hall, which is a noble specimen of the grandeur of former times. Sophia was eager in her admiration of it. Light was admitted from windows of stained glass, and the ceiling supported by carved oak beams, resting on open-work brackets, springing from goshawks, the family crest.

“This,” said Sophia, as she still lingered, “is a house to be proud of: it must, sir, have many a proud name connected with it.”

“It was first,” said Mr. Grey, “possessed by the family of Brabazon, from Brabant in Flanders; from whence Jacques, the great warrior, came to the aid of William of Normandy, in the conquest of England: his name is in the roll

of Battel Abbey. The most distinguished of this family was Sir William Brabazon, vice-treasurer and receiver-general of Ireland, in 1036. The first title conferred on this noble house was that of Barons of Ordu in 1616, to which the earldom of Meath was added in 1627. There is a very old song, called the Kelruddery Hunt, written by Father Fleming, a noted preacher of the Adam and Eve Chapel in Dublin in 1744, and is a very singular production for a priest. They slept at Bray that night, and the next morning proceeded to Dublin by a circuitous route, which took them over the beautiful common of Dalkey, a wild, uncultivated spot, and from thence up Killeeny Hill towards the telegraph. After passing Loftus Hall, they came to the gate of the Deer Park; and then Bray Head, Killeeny Bay, and the Valley of Bray, all suddenly burst upon their view. No description can convey an idea of the exquisite beauty of the scene, and even Mordaunt confessed that the vicinity of London was far inferior to that of Dublin.

“It is indeed,” said Mr. Grey, “a great ad-

vantage to have such scenery so near Dublin, it must improve the health and the mind of its citizens; but, Sophia, you have not yet seen all; there is a treat in store for you, you little dream of. At Killeeny we shall see a druidical circle."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the carriage stopped, and the party were told to alight and proceed to a field at a little distance. Behind Mount Druid Demesne is a druidical circle, containing a temple, with the chair of the high-priest, and sacrificing stone. Sophia stopped to take a hasty sketch of it, and they then proceeded on their way to Dublin without any further delay, talking as they went of all they had seen, and wishing that poor Mrs. O'Toole could have enjoyed it as they did. Mordaunt having been deep in thought for the last ten minutes, Mr. Grey enquired the subject of his meditations; and he said, that during the last stage they had, on going up a hill, been joined by a farmer, who had descanted loudly on Irish grievances, and attributed them to the absentee landlords, and his mind had since been employed on that subject.

“What is your difficulty?” said his father.

“Why, it strikes me, that if there be a good agent, a gentleman by feeling and education, (and Ireland, we are told, abounds with such,) that, as long as he resides, the presence of the proprietor is unnecessary. Your horses are equally well fed and groomed, whether you are at home or not; and Bertha’s rabbits thrive as well when Mary feeds them, as when she does.”

“I am not sure that Bertha would admit that,” said Mr. Grey; “but granting it to be so, the reasoning does not apply. If I were to go away for years, my horses might not be so well taken care of, and Mary might forget the rabbits. Can you not imagine that the proprietor of the soil will have a greater influence over his tenants than the very best agent in the world? It is just the difference between a father and a tutor. In those places where the landlord resides, there has been less rebellion: this appeared in evidence before the House of Commons. Nor is this all: an absent landlord has less feeling for his property than his agent, who is on the spot; and living generally beyond his

means, is anxious to get as much money as he can; and issues orders for pressing his tenants in a manner which, were he present, he would not have the heart to do; but the distress of which he only hears by letter is put aside, or felt but for a moment: extravagance hardens the heart, and he persists, at a distance, on measures his better feelings would reject were he on the spot. Nor does the evil stop here: the rents he receives are spent out of the country, and no portion of them returns to benefit Irish labourers or Irish artizans. It is calculated that four millions are thus exported from Ireland, for which she receives no return. Do you now see that there are evils which no agent can avert?"

"I do," said Mordaunt: "some of these ideas were in my mind, but I had no data to go upon."

"Papa," said Bertha, "will you tell us about the round towers? We have seen so many on our tour, without being able to get any explanation of them."

"Wiser heads than you or I shall ever wear, Bertha, have, I assure you, been puzzled about

them," said Mr. Grey; "but the most general opinion is, that they were built at different times."

"And why, sir?" said Sophia: "they seem all to have the same external form."

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Grey: "some of them have the Gothic or pointed arch both in door and window, which it is universally believed was not introduced into Ireland till the twelfth century. The most common form is referable to the ninth, and even the fourth century. They were probably, in those early days, places of defence, since many of the entrances are thirteen and eighteen feet from the ground. In later times they seem to have been used for religious purposes, as retreats for penitents, or for pious seclusion. Churches, or the ruins of churches, are constantly found in their vicinity; and it is supposed that they might at first be used as belfries, as in some of them evident traces of holes cut for ropes, and all the machinery necessary for bells, have been found. It has, on the other hand, been conjectured that the churches were, in some places, built purposely

in the vicinity of these towers, as the architecture of the church is always of a later date than the tower. Many of them are inaccessible, being blocked up either intentionally or accidentally by time. But, after all, the subject is left in great obscurity, and nothing decisive is known of them, but that about the twelfth century they were used as retreats for religious penitents, and called Ecclesiastical Towers. But see, Bertha! we are now entering Clontarf, a place celebrated for the battle fought by Brian Boraihme in 1014, king of the native Irish, in which the Danes were so entirely defeated, as never again to be able to make any considerable resistance, or recover their former power."

"Ireland," said Sophia, "seems full of recollections which prove its antiquity and former importance. How much it is to be regretted that it has no memory for any of the benefits conferred by England; for surely, sir, our conduct towards her has not been all evil."

"I should be grieved indeed to think so, my dear child; yet, at the same time, it must be acknowledged that there have also been great

evils mixed up with the good. From the first moment that the English landed in Ireland they were surrounded by faction; faction called them over, and faction has attended them ever since. The state was composed of elements that never could unite. First, the native Irish, who, disliking all strangers, were hated and oppressed by all; next, there were feuds innumerable between the English who first settled here, and those who came afterwards. The latest settlers were, in the early times, generally the favourites of the reigning sovereign, and consequently looked upon with an unkind eye by those whom they often came to oppress; and at the time of the Reformation in England, religious dissension, deep and deadly, was added to every other feud. In later times, and till the passing of the bill for relief for religious disabilities, every other feeling and feud was merged in this, and the fatal distinction of Catholic and Protestant was gradually formed. In the ranks of the former, all agitators unfriendly to government, which was Protestant, were fostered and protected. The Protestants in the country were, by interest

and inclination, warmly attached to the government and to England, and they have uniformly sided with it. The governors of this kingdom have not always understood its best interests, or they have wanted firmness to enforce them; and England, wearied with the continual insubordination of Ireland, has perhaps too much regarded her as a rebel. But we are now entering Dublin: let us put aside politics, and give all our attention to the city."

They passed through the suburbs, where the miserable houses, and evidently immense population, excited a feeling of sorrow and pity, till, on approaching the splendid parts of the city, it was gradually exchanged for one of unexpected gratification; and, on entering Sackville Street, and driving to Bilton's Hotel, there was a universal expression of satisfaction and wonder. They drove on through the wide street, which, but for houses on each side, might have passed for a magnificent road, and, in common with all the world, regretted that the pillar raised to the memory of Nelson should break the perfect vista that the street would

have otherwise presented, and Mordaunt even acknowledged, though much against his will, that he knew of no street like it in London. After arriving at the hotel, there was yet time for them to walk to Carlisle Bridge, a place but a short distance from Bilton's, where they obtained an excellent view of that part of the city. The Custom-house rose grandly on the other side of the river, and Westmoreland Street, Sackville Street, with the Rotunda in the far-off distance, the Nelson column in the medium, and the Post-office to the left, offered a magnificent reunion of architectural beauties, and which made them long for to-morrow, which was to bestow on them further gratification.

Their first visit the next morning was to the Castle, which is divided into two courts, the upper and lower. The upper court contains the apartments of the viceroy. The travellers visited the ball-room, called St. Patrick's Hall, which is eighty-two feet long, forty-one feet broad, and thirty-eight feet high. The ceiling has three paintings: one represents St. Patrick converting the Irish to Christianity; the other, Henry the

Second receiving the submission of the Irish chiefs; and in the third, George the Third is seen supported by Liberty and Justice.

“But, sir,” said Sophia to her father, “the Castle of Dublin is of very ancient date, is it not?”

“It was built,” said Mr. Grey, “in 1205, by Meyler Fitzhenry, natural son to Henry the Second; and not being quite finished by him, was completed by Henry de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin; but still, till the reign of Elizabeth, it was not the royal seat of government. Previous to that period, the chief governors held their court at the archbishop’s palace at St. Sepulchres, but more frequently at the Castle of Kilmainham. The castle chapel detained them longer than the castle itself: it is seventy-three feet long, and thirty-five broad, and is built of common Irish blockstone. The exterior has a singular ornament in ninety heads of dark-blue Tullamore marble, among which may be found all the kings of England. On the north, the chief entrance is surmounted by a bust of St. Peter, holding a key; and over a window above it is the bust of Dean Swift.

The interior is highly beautiful, presenting the richest specimens of Gothic architecture. The east window is adorned with stained glass, which was given to it by Lord Whitworth, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The pulpit, desk, gallery, and pews, are all of Irish oak. The ceiling excited great admiration, being formed of grained arches, springing from grotesque heads modelled in stucco."

"It is worthy of remark," said Mr. Grey, "that if we except the stained glass, the whole of the work was executed by native artists."

Sophia would have staid longer to admire it, but they were limited as to time, and yet had much to see. They drove slowly through the fine squares of Dublin, comparing them with what they knew of London. St. Stephen's Green astonished them by its magnitude, but was less pleasing to their taste than Merion and Rutland Squares; and Mountjoy Square, with its elegant approaches through eight streets, had nearly obtained the palm of all the rest; but Bertha gave her casting vote in favour of Rutland Square, because it had in it the elegant mansion

of the Earl of Charlemont. In their rambles about the city they passed over Whitworth Bridge, which connects two of the oldest streets in Dublin, Bridge-street on the south, and Church-street on the north.

“The most ancient of all the bridges,” said Mr. Grey, as they stood upon it, “formerly stood on this site. It has had various fortunes and various names: it was nearly rebuilt in 1428, by the Dominican Friars, for the convenience of the school at Usher’s Island.* It stood from that time till it was swept away by the great flood in 1802, when a gentleman, whose name I forget, had a most narrow escape. He was crossing the bridge on horseback, and had arrived at a distance of between ten and twelve feet from the quay, when the arch before him, and the entire part of that over which he had just passed, gave way with one tremendous crash. His horse, with one effort, happily sprung over the intervening chasm, and saved him from certain death.”

* A lay brother stood at the bridge to receive a penny for every carriage and beast of burden that passed.

“Brave horse!” cried Mordaunt, who had been taking a view of Trinity College, and who had joined them a few moments before Mr. Grey’s narration.

“Why is Westmoreland Bridge called the Irish Rialto?” asked Bertha.

“Because,” said her father, “it is built of one single arch, the span of which is seven feet wider than that of the Rialto at Venice.”

“Come,” said Mordaunt, “you have seen enough of bridges and streets: come with me to the Bank, I am particularly anxious to see it; and remember, I shall leave you in a day or two.”

Bertha sighed. The departure of Mordaunt was always a heavy tax upon her fortitude; and she was ready to give up all her own schemes, and obey, implicitly, his wishes. But Mr. Grey proposed an improvement. “Let us wait till to-morrow,” he said, “to see the Bank and St. Patrick’s Cathedral: to-day we shall have time to go to the Custom-house and the Four Courts, for we need only examine these externally; and accordingly they drove to the Custom-house. It

was a most imposing building, and stands on Eden Quay. Its four decorated fronts, magnificent cupola, and great breadth, give it every advantage. On the top of the dome, which is one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, is a statue of Hope, which, diminutive as it seems in its present position, is in reality sixteen feet high. The first stone of this building was laid in August, 1781; and in ten years this beautiful structure was completed. On the east of the Custom-house is a wet-dock, which holds forty sail of vessels; and the whole was executed by James Gordon, and at an expense of £397,232. 4s. 11d.

After crossing Carlisle bridge, they went on slowly till they came to the Post-office, at which they stopped in great admiration. The first stone of this fine building was laid by the Earl of Whitworth, in August, 1815. It is two hundred and twenty-three feet in front, one hundred and fifty in depth, and fifty in height. In the front is a fine portico, eighty feet long; and three statues are fixed on the pediment. In spite of the crowd they still lingered to observe and to admire, and moved on at last with reverted eyes.

The Four Courts, into which they passed immediately, gratified Sophia exceedingly: the lightness and elegance of the building struck her directly; and she reproached Bertha for her want of architectural taste. The great hall forms a circle of sixty-four feet, inscribed in a square of one hundred and forty feet, with the four courts radiating from the circle to the angles of the square. Around the hall are columns of the Corinthian order, with an entablature and an attic pedestal.

“I do believe, Bertha,” said Sophia, as she detected her in an immoderate yawn, “that you are actually tired of sight-seeing.”

“These buildings,” she said, “do not interest me as the rivers, the woods, and the wild mountains did. I don’t understand them so well.”

Sophia smiled. “It is later than I thought,” she said. “I will not ride my hobby to death. Let us return to Bilton’s. I am sure dinner must be near ready; and I see some who are quite ready for it.” And they returned to the hotel.

The next morning Mordaunt, Sophia, and

their father visited the Bank, which is a most superb edifice. It was formerly the Parliament House, and considered unrivalled in elegance. It is situated in College Green, and placed nearly at right angles with the west front of the college. Few cities in Europe can, in so small a space, show such magnificent edifices as Dublin. Sophia was very much amused to see the various accommodations within for the safe and steady transaction of business; and, as she went away, she remarked on the wonderful effects of good order and management.

“Yes,” said Mr. Grey, “it is the soul of business, and without which, undertakings would be impracticable that are now quite easy. Shall we call for Bertha? Do you think she would like to go to the cathedral.”

Mordaunt undertook to convey his mother and sister to St. Patrick’s: so Mr. Grey and Sophia passed quietly on, and took the opportunity of their being alone to take a peep at the Exchange, which is a very fine building.

“This cathedral,” said Mr. Grey, as they entered St. Patrick’s, with solemn step and slow,

receiving, from the change of sunshine and warm air, to the dim religious light, a change of feeling—"this cathedral has an organ and a choir which are said to be unrivalled, infinitely surpassing St. Paul's and Westminster."

The choir is exceedingly beautiful. The archbishop's throne and the stalls are of varnished oak; but what interested every one most was the monuments. To that of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, they paid a respectful tribute of admiration.

"This monument," said Mr. Grey, "was originally placed where the communion-table now stands; but its removal was effected by the influence of the then Lord Deputy, the Earl of Strafford; and it is a singular fact, that the active part he took in this, so offended and incensed the friends of that remarkable man, that to their enmity his after misfortunes were principally owing. Thus, you see, the poisoned chalice is returned to our own lips. And here," he said, as they stood before the monument of Dean Swift, "here is another melancholy proof of the instability of human nature:—

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show."

Close to his monument is one of the unfortunate and celebrated Mrs. Johnson, more generally known as Stella; and a little beyond, in an obscure corner, a tablet is raised to the memory of Alexander M'Gee, a faithful servant of Dean Swift's.

"Poor human nature!" said Mrs. Grey, as she looked at it: "this man would thus show himself alive to the good qualities of his servant, and yet break the heart of Stella by his unkindness."

They were unable to see Christ Church cathedral, from its being shut up to be repaired; which they regretted, because they considered it to be the oldest and most curious.

The rest of their time in Dublin was devoted to walking about, and inspecting its beauties more in detail. They visited Trinity College, and saw as much of it as they were permitted. They walked into the Linen Hall, and saw, with amazement, the enormous quantity of linen it contained. They encouraged the manufacture

of tabenets, not only by buying dresses for themselves, but for several of their friends. They visited the Museum, and compared it with that of London; and Sophia saw some of the finest pictures she had ever seen in the private cabinets to which she was admitted. In short, the eight days they spent in Dublin were wonderfully well employed; and they came universally to the conclusion that, in many points, it surpassed London, though not as a whole.

“Dublin,” said Mr. Grey, “even in its present deserted state, may be called a great city. If we consider the beauty of its buildings, its resources for commerce, the exquisite scenery around it, the number of excellent charities it supports, and the fine edifices for public worship in its bosom—all bespeak a people sensibly alive to the elegant arts, and willing to promote their circulation. Ireland has in it the aid of some of the first-rate qualities; and it is only the abominable arts of the interested and selfish, which can mar its prosperity. Its people have kindly and generous feelings, great natural abilities,

and a lively wit ; but their disposition is mercu-
rial, and they are easily misled. When wealth
shall have become more generally distributed—
when the small miserable farmer shall have gra-
dually given place to the substantial renter of
a hundred acres and upwards—they will find it
their interest to be peaceful, and peace will na-
turally follow. At present, those who are most
eager for rebellion are those who have nothing
to lose, and every thing to gain by confusion and
disorder.”

Such was the conversation which Mr. Grey
held with his children during the last evening
of Mordaunt's stay in Dublin. The morrow
saw a sad parting. Mordaunt departed for
England at the Pigeon House, amidst Bertha's
unrestrained tears ; and when they had ascer-
tained his safe arrival at Holyhead, the party,
in a saddened mood, returned to the wilds of
Wicklow.

There they found Mrs. O'Toole considerably
revived ; and had reason to hope that kind-
ness and tenderness would soothe, in some mea-
sure, her broken spirit.

With this hope we will bid them farewell.
Whether we shall ever meet this pleasant party
again, must depend upon the PUBLIC.

THE END.

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